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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

A FOUL BLAST FROM THE GREEN MOUNTAINS.

THE BISHOP OF VERMONT *VERSUS* THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

[This is all but a fraction of a letter addressed by the Episcopal Bishop of Vermont to certain of his pro-slavery friends and admirers, who asked an expression of his views as to the present state of the country.]

I HAVE promised to notice the various objections which have been raised in the popular mind to the institution of Southern slavery, and to these I shall now proceed.

First on this list stand the propositions of the far-famed Declaration of Independence, "that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." These statements are here called "self-evident truths." But with due respect to the celebrated names which are appended to this document, I have never been able to comprehend that they are "truths" at all. In what respect are men "created equal," when every thoughtful person must be sensible that they are brought into the world with all imaginable difference in body, in mind, and in every characteristic of their social position? Notwithstanding mankind have all descended from one common parent, yet we see them divided into distinct races, so strongly marked that infidel philosophers insist on the impossibility of their having the same ancestry. Where is the equality in *body* between the child born with the hereditary taint of scrofula or consumption, and the infant filled with health and vigor? Where is the equality *in mind* between one who is endowed with talent and genius, and another whose intellect borders on idiocy? Where is the equality *in social position* between the son of the Esquimaux or Hottentot, and the heir of the American statesman or the British peer?

Neither am I able to admit that all men are endowed with an *unalienable* right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, because it is manifest that since "sin entered into the world and death by sin," they are all *alienated*, forfeited and lost, through the consequences of their transgression. Life is *alienated* not only by the sentence of the law, but by innumerable forms of violence and accident. Liberty is *alienated* not only by imprisonment, but by the irresistible restraints of social bondage to the will, the temper, the prejudices, the customs, or the interests of others; so that there is hardly an individual to be found, who has really the liberty of word and action so confidently asserted as the *unalienable* right of all men. And as regards the "pursuit of happiness," alas! what multitudes *alienate* their right to it, beyond recovery, not only in the cells of the penitentiary, but in the reckless indulgence of their appetites and passions, in the disgust arising from its chosen conjugal relations, in their associations with the profligate and the vile, in the pain and suffering of sickness and poverty as the results of vice, in the ruin of the gambler, the delirium of the drunkard, the despair of suicide, and in every other form of moral contamination.

If it be said, however, that the equality and unalienable rights of all men, so strongly asserted by this famous Declaration, are only to be taken in a *political* sense, I am willing to concede that this may be the proper interpretation of its intended meaning, but I cannot see how it removes the difficulty. The statement is that "all men are *created* equal," and that "the CREATOR has endowed them with *unalienable* rights." Certainly if the authors of this celebrated document designed to speak only of *political* rights and *political* equality, they should not have thus referred them to the act of creation, because it is perfectly obvious that, since the beginning of human government, men have been created in all imaginable inequality, under slavery, under despotism, under aristocracy, under limited monarchy, under every imaginable form of political strife and political oppression. In no respect whatever, that I can discover, has the Almighty sent our race into the world with these imaginary rights, and this fanciful equality. In his sight, the whole world is sinful, rebellious, and lying under the just condemnation of his violated laws. Our original rights, whatever they may have been, are all forfeited and gone. And, since the fall, mankind have no *rights* to claim at the hand of the Creator. Our whole dependence is on his *mercy and compassion*. And he dispenses these according to his sovereign will and pleasure, on no system of equality that any human eye can discover, and yet, as every Christian must believe, on the eternal principles of perfect benevolence, in union with impartial justice, and boundless knowledge, and wisdom that cannot err.

Where, then, I ask, did the authors of the Declaration of Independence find their warrant for such a statement? It was probably judicious enough to call their propositions "self-evident truths," because it seems manifest that no man can prove them. To estimate aright the vast diversity among the races of mankind, we may begin with our own, the highly privileged Anglo-Saxon, which now stands at the head, although our ancestors were heathen barbarians only 2,000 years ago. From this we may go down the descending scale through the Turks, the Chinese, the Tartars, the Japanese, the Egyptians, the Hindoo, the Indian tribes, the Laplanders, the Abyssinians, the Africans, and how is it possible to imagine that God has created them all *equal?* As truly might it be said that all the trees of the forest are equal—that all the mountains, and seas, and rivers are equal—that all the beasts of the field are equal—that all the birds of the air are equal. The facts rather establish the very contrary. The Deity seems to take pleasure in exhibiting a marvellous wealth of power through the rich variety of all his works, so that no two individuals of any species can be found in all respects alike. And hence we behold a grand system of order and GRADATION, from the thrones, dominions, principalities and powers in heavenly places, rank below rank, to man. And then we see the same system throughout our earth, displayed in the variety of races, some higher, some lower in the scale—in the variety of governments—from pure despotism to pure democracy—in the variety of privilege and power among the subjects of each government, some being born to commanding authority and influence, while others are destined to submit and obey. Again, we behold the system continued in the animal creation, from the lordly lion down to the timid mole, from the eagle to the humming bird, from the monsters of the deep to the sea star in its shell. The same plan meets us in the insect tribes. Some swift and powerful, others slow and weak, some marshalled into a regular government—monarchy in the bee tribe, aristocracy in the ant hill; while others, like the flies, have no government at all. And in perfect harmony with this divine arrangement, the inanimate creation presents us with the same vast variety. The canopy of heaven is studded with orbs of light, all differing in magnitude, all differing in radiance, and all yielding to the sovereign splendor of the sun. The earth is clothed with the most profuse diversity of vegetation, from the lofty palm down to the humble moss. The mineral kingdom shines with gold, silver, iron, copper and precious stones, in all conceivable forms and colors. From the Mammoth Cave down to the minutest crystal—from mountains of granite down to the sand upon the shore, all is varied, multiform, unequal, yet each element has its specific use and beauty, and the grand aggregate unites in the sublime hymn of praise to the wisdom, the goodness and the stupendous resources of that ineffable Power which produced the whole.

This brief and most inadequate sketch of the order of creation may serve at least to show that the manifest inequality in the condition of mankind is no exception to the rule, but is sustained by all analogy. It is the will of God that it should be so, and no human sagacity or effort can prevent it. And the same principle exists in our political relations. We may talk as we please of our equality in political rights and privileges, but in point of fact there is no such thing. Among the other civilized nations it is not even pretended. None of the great galaxy of European governments can have a better title to it than England, yet who would be so absurd as to claim political equality in a land of monarchy, of hereditary nobles, of time-honored aristocracy? The best approach to political equality is confessedly here, and here only. Yet even here, amidst the glories of our universal suffrage, where is it to be found? Political equality, if it means anything, must mean that every man enjoys the same right to political office and honor; because the *policy* of any government consists in its *system of administration*, and hence it results, of necessity, that those who cannot possibly be admitted to share in this administration, have no *political equality* with those who can. We do, indeed, say that the *people are sovereign*. But every one knows, full well, that the comparative few who are qualified to take the lead, by talent, by education, by natural tact, and by a conjunction of favoring circumstances, are practically *sovereigns over the people*. The man who carries a hod gives his vote for the candidate. The candidate himself can do no more, so far as it concerns the mere form of an election. Are they, therefore, politically equal? Who formed the party to which the candidate belongs? Who ruled the convention by which his name was put upon the list? Who arranged the orators for the occasion? Who subsidized the press? Had the poor hodman any share in the operation, any influence, any voice whatever? No more than the hod which he carries. Can any human power ever manufacture a candidate out of *him?* The motion would be preposterous. Where, then, is his political equality? Even here, in our happy land of universal suffrage, how does it appear that "*all men are born equal?*" The proposition is a sheer absurdity. All men are born *unequal*, in body, mind, and social privileges. Their intellectual faculties are unequal. Their education is unequal. Their opportunities are unequal. And their freedom is as unreal as their equality. The poor are compelled to serve the rich, and the rich are compelled to serve the poor by paying for their services. The political party is compelled to serve the leaders, and the leaders are compelled to scheme and toil, in order to serve the party. The multitude are dependent on the few who are endowed with talents to govern. And the few are dependent on the multitude for the power, without which all government is impossible. From the top to the bottom of the social fabric, the whole is thus seen to be *inequality and mutual dependence*. And hence, although they are free from that special kind of slavery which the Southern States maintain over the posterity of Ham, yet they are all, from the highest to the lowest, in bondage quite as real, from which they cannot escape—the *slavery of circumstances*, called, in the ordinary language of the world, NECESSITY.

I have been, I fear, unreasonably tedious in thus endeavoring to show why I utterly discard these famous propositions of the Declaration of Independence. It is because I am aware of the strong hold which they have gained over the ordinary mind of the nation. They are assumed by thousands upon thousands, as if they were the very doctrines of divine truth. And they are made the basis of the hostile feeling against the slavery of the South, notwithstanding their total want of rationality. Yet I do not wonder that such maxims should be popular. They are admirably calculated to gratify the pride and ambition so natural to the human breast, and are therefore powerful incentives in the work of political revolution. It was for this purpose, I presume, that they were introduced in that famous document, which publicly cast off the allegiance of the colonies to the British crown. And the same doctrines were proclaimed a few years later, in a similar service, by the French Directory, in the midst of a far more terrible revolution. *Liberty, equality and fraternity*—THE RIGHTS OF MAN—were then the watchwords of the excited populace, while their insane leaders published the decree of Atheism, and a notorious courtezan was enthroned as the goddess of reason, and the guillotine daily massacred the victims of democratic fury, till the streets of Paris ran with blood.

I do not state this fact because I desire to place the revolutions in the colonies and in France on the same foundation, with respect to the *spirit* or the *mode* in which they were conducted. God forbid that I should forget the marked features of contrast between them! On the one side, there was religious reverence, strong piety, and pure disinterested patriotism. On the other, there was the madness of atheism, the brutality of ruffianism, and the "reign of terror" to all that was good and true. In no one mark or character, indeed, could I deem that there was any comparison between them, save in this; that the same false assumption of human equality and human rights was adopted in both. Yet how widely different was their result on the question of negro slavery! The American revolution produced no effect whatever on that institution. While the French revolution roused the slaves of their colony in St. Domingo to a general insurrection, and a scene of barbarous and cruel butchery succeeded, to which the history of the world contains no parallel.

This brings me to the last remarks which I have to present on this famous Declaration. And I respectfully ask my readers to consider them maturely.

First, then, it seems manifest, that the signers of this document (they assumed that "*all men* were born equal") did not take the negro race into account at all. It is unquestionable that the author, Mr. Jefferson, was a slaveholder at the time, and continued so to his life's end. It is certain that the great majority of the other signers of the Declaration were slaveholders likewise. No one can be ignorant of the fact that slavery had been introduced into all the colonies long before, and continued to exist long after, in every State save one. Finally then, it cannot be presumed that these able and sagacious men intended to stultify themselves by declaring that the negro race had rights, which nevertheless they were not ready to give them. And yet it is evident that we must either impute this crying injustice to our revolutionary patriots, or suppose that the case of the slaves was not contemplated.

Nor is this a solitary example, for we have a complete parallel to it in the preamble to the Constitution, where the important phrase "We, the people of the United States," must be understood with the very same limitation. Who were the people? Undoubtedly the free citizens who voted for the Constitution. Were the slaves counted as a part of that people? By no means. The negro race had no voice, no vote, no influence whatever in the matter. Thus, therefore, it seems perfectly plain that both these instruments must be understood according to the same rule of interpretation. The slaves were not included in the Declaration of Independence, for the same reason precisely, that they were not included amongst the "people" who adopted the Constitution of the United States.

Now, it is the established maxim of the law, that every written document must be understood according to the *true intent* of the parties when it was executed. The language employed may be such that it admits of a different sense; but there can be only one *just* interpretation, and that is fixed unalterably by the apparent meaning of its authors at the time. On this ground alone, therefore, I respectfully contend that the Declaration of Independence has no claim whatever to be considered in the controversy of our day. I have stated, at some length, my reasons for rejecting its famous propositions, as being totally fallacious and untenable. But even if they were ever so "self-evident," or capable of the most rigid demonstration, the rule of law utterly forbids us to appeal to them in a sense which they were not designed to bear.

In the second place, however, it should be remembered that the Declaration of Independence, whether true or false, whether it be interpreted legally or illegally, *forms no part of our present system*. As a great historical document, it stands, and must ever stand, prominent before the nations of the world. But it was put forth more than seven years anterior to the Constitution. Its language was not adopted in that Constitution, and it has no place whatever in the obligatory law of the United States. When our orators, our preachers and our politicians, therefore, take its propositions about human rights and human equality, and set them up as the supreme law, overruling the Constitution and the acts of Congress, which are the *real law* of the land, I cannot wonder enough at the absurdity of the proceeding. And I doubt whether the annals of civilized mankind can furnish a stronger instance of unmitigated perversity.

Thirdly, and lastly, I am utterly opposed to those popular propositions, not only because I hold them to be altogether fallacious and untrue, for the reasons already given, but, further, because their *tendency* is in direct contrariety to the precepts of the Gospel and the highest interests of the individual man. For what is the unavoidable effect of this doctrine of human equality? Is it not to nourish the spirit of pride, envy and contention? To set the servant against the master, the poor against the rich, the weak against the strong, the ignorant against the educated? To loosen all the bonds and relations of society, and reduce the whole duty of subordination to the selfish cupidity of pecuniary interest, without an atom of respect for age, for office, for law, for government, for Providence, or for the Word of God?

I do not deny, indeed, that this docrine of equality is a doctrine of immense power to urge men forward in a constant struggle for advancement. Its natural operation is to force the vast majority into a ceaseless contest with their circumstances, each discontented with his lot, so long as he sees any one else above him, and toiling with unceasing effort to rise upon the social scale of wealth and importance as fast and as far as he can. There is no principle of stronger impulse to stimulate ambition in every department. And hence arises its manifold influence on the business, the enterprise, the commerce, the manufactures, the agriculture, the amusements, the fashions, and the political strifes of our Northern people, making them all restless, all aspiring, and all determined, if possible, to pass their rivals in the race of selfish emulation.

But how does it operate on the order, the stability, and the ultimate prosperity of the nation? How does it work on the steadfast administration of justice, the honor and purity of our public officers, the quiet subordination of the various classes in the community, the fidelity and submission of domestics, the obedience of children, and the relations of family and home? Above all, how does it harmonize with the great doctrines of the Bible, that the Almighty Ruler appoints to every man his lot on earth, and commands him to be satisfied and thankful for his portion—that we must submit ourselves to those who have the rule over us—that we should obey the laws and honor the magistrates—that the powers that be are ordained of God, and he that resisteth the power shall receive condemnation—that we may not covet the property of others—that having food and raiment, we should be therewith content—that we must avoid strife, contention, and railing accusations, and follow peace, charity, and good will, remembering that the service of Christ is the only perfect freedom, and that our true happiness depends not on the measure of our earthly wealth, on social equality, on honor, or on our relative position in the community, but on the fulfilment of our personal duty according to our lot, in reliance on his blessing?

I have no more to add, with respect to this most popular dogma of human equality, and shall, therefore, dismiss it, as fallacious in itself, and only mischievous in its tendency. As it is the stronghold of the ultra-Abolitionist, I have devoted a large space to its examination, and trust that the conclusion is sufficiently plain. Happily, it forms no part of our Constitution or our laws. It never was intended to apply to the question of negro slavery. And it never can be so applied without a total perversion of its historical meaning, and an absolute contrariety to all the facts of humanity, and the clear instruction of the Word of God.

* * * * * * *

In conclusion, I would only say that I am perfectly aware how distasteful my sentiments must be, on this very serious question, to the great majority of my respected fellow-citizens in the region where Divine Providence has cast my lot. It would assuredly be far more agreeable if I could conscientiously conform to the opinions of my friends, to whose ability, sincerity and zeal I am ready to give all just commendation. But it would be mere moral cowardice in me to suppress what I believe to be the truth, for the sake of popularity. It cannot be long before I shall stand at the tribunal of that Almighty and unerring Judge, who has given us the inspired Scriptures to be our supreme directory in every moral and religious duty. My grey hairs admonish me that I may soon be called to give an account of my stewardship. And I have no fear of the sentence which he will pronounce upon an honest though humble effort to sustain the authority of HIS WORD, in just alliance with the Constitution, the peace and the public welfare of my country.

With the fervent prayer that the spirit of wisdom, unity, and fraternal kindliness may guide our National Congress, the Legislatures of the several States, and the sovereign will of our whole people, to a happy accommodation of every existing difficulty, I remain, with great regard, your faithful servant in Christ,

JOHN H. HOPKINS,
Bishop of the Diocese of Vermont.

THE SOUTH ON THE PUBLICATIONS OF HARPER & BROTHERS.

IT is extremely gratifying to know that the publications issued from this Black Republican, abolition establishment, are fast losing their circulation in the South. Packages after packages are being returned, and we trust that Southern people will cease entirely to read them. The last number of their *Weekly* is as violent an abolition production as ever came from the office of Garrison's *Liberator*. The house of Harper has grown rich upon Southern patronage and support, and the return has been, that out of their colossal fortunes thousands have been subscribed and freely given for the maintenance of the infamous principles, the carrying out of which has caused the existing state of affairs. The Harpers have ever been bitter enemies of the South and her institutions. Their piracies of the works of foreign authors, and the cheap publication of them in New York, and the immense orders from the Southern States, have made them one of the richest establishments in the country. We must not give "aid and comfort" to our enemies in any conceivable shape or form.—*Columbus (Ga.) Times.*

We indorse every word of the above; but, in the name of common justice, we protest against discrimination against Harper's publications. There is a host of pernicious Northern issues flooding the Southern country every whit as bad, and some of them actually worse than *Harper's Weekly* or *Monthly*. We insist that the entire batch of such papers as the New York *Mercury*, New York *Weekly*, *Frank Leslie's Newspaper*, New York *Leader*, *et id omne genus*, should be included among those not to be tolerated at the South. We know of but three literary publications north of Mason and Dixon's line which are worthy of support from the South; these are *The Home Journal* and *Knickerbocker Magazine*, of New York, and *Godey's Lady's Book*, of Philadelphia. Neither of these has ever insulted Southern readers, or reflected in the slightest degree on our institutions, and we take pleasure in bearing testimony in their favor.—*Savannah News.*

CIVIL WAR WILL BE ABOLITION!

From The North Carolina Standard, February 5.

IF the difficulties between the North and South should not be settled during the next six months, war will be the result. There will be three or four Confederacies. It will be impossible for the north-western and Gulf States to avoid war—the navigation of the Mississippi will lead to it. California and Oregon will set up for themselves. The isthmus route to California may be disputed and obstructed. Some of the Northern States will seek an alliance with the Canadas, and this will lead to intervention by Great Britain. England, France and Spain will become interested and entangled in American affairs. The flags of the new Confederacies will be insulted on the high seas, and privateers will prey on their commerce. War, or impending war, or the state of alarm in which the country now is, will arrest industry, check commerce, and impair confidence between man and man. If war once breaks out it will rage in the interior, on our seacoasts, on the high seas, and on our frontiers. One section will let loose the Indians on another section. Twenty millions of Northern people will at once become our enemies. They will war upon us along a line of three thousand miles from the Atlantic to the Pacific. One section will call in foreign troops against another section. One Confederacy will humble itself before the powers of Europe to get better commercial terms than the other Confederacies. Meanwhile, war will rage. Negro property will cease to be valuable, because the products of slave labor, and of all other labor, will be in a great degree cut off from the markets of the world. The negroes will know, too, that the war is waged on their account. They will become restless and turbulent. Heavy taxes will result from these wars. These taxes must be paid mainly out of slave labor. Strong governments will be established, and will bear heavily on the masses. The masses will at length rise up and destroy everything in their way. State bonds will be repudiated. Banks will break. Widows and orphans will be reduced to beggary. The sword will wave everywhere paramount to all law. The whole world outside the slaveholding States, with slight exceptions, is opposed to slavery, and the whole world, with slave labor thus rendered insecure and comparatively valueless, will take sides with the North against us. The end will be—*Abolition!* There are other considerations touching slavery which we shall not refer to here—every intelligent mind will at once understand us, and will weigh those considerations for itself.

It is criminal to say there is "no hope for the Union." If five hundred of the public men of the two sections could be transported, or confined in dungeons for six months, the Union would be restored and reconstructed during that period, and it would be more glorious and prosperous than the one now threatened with destruction. The Disunionist *per se* is either a *mad* man or a *bad* man. He who prefers disunion to Union, and who labors to provoke and aggravate the two sections against each other, is an enemy to his race. He who is for discord instead of concord, for war instead of peace, *for disunion for disunion's sake*, is guilty of a crime more stupendous than any which has been committed since Cain slew his brother.

Selections.

THE MOB AT SYRACUSE.

IMPORTANT CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM MAYOR WESTCOTT TO REV. MR. MAY.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, SYRACUSE, N. Y.,
January 26, 1861.

REV. SAMUEL J. MAY—*Dear Sir:* I herewith transmit to you, and through you to others taking an active part in the contemplated Anti-Slavery Convention about to be held in this city, a request or petition from many of our citizens that you will at least postpone said Convention, for reasons stated in said petition.

Although I have not signed this document, yet I fully concur in the sentiments and arguments therein set forth. That there is an intention, if not a settled determination, on the part of sundry reckless and irresponsible persons, to interfere with the proceedings of this Convention, there is in my mind no longer any doubt, and with what result it is difficult to say. If in your judgment, and in the judgment of your coadjutors, these reasons are such as to determine you to comply with the prayer of the petitioners, I have no hesitation in saying that such a decision would not only be judicious, but would meet the approbation of our citizens almost universally.

Yet I wish both you and all the other parties concerned to understand most distinctly, that I believe it your *undoubted right* to hold such Convention. Not only so, but in case you decide to go on with your meetings, I shall fearlessly use every means at my command to secure order, and to prevent any interference with your proceedings.

Very respectfully, A. WESTCOTT, Mayor.

A COMMUNICATION TO REV. MR. MAY FROM SUNDRY CITIZENS.

REV. SAMUEL J. MAY—*Sir:* The undersigned, your fellow-citizens of the city of Syracuse, are advised that an Abolition Convention is to be convened here on Tuesday and Wednesday of next week.

It may safely be assumed that you take a prominent position in this movement.

In the present excited condition of the public mind on the great question of Union or Disunion, we beg leave to suggest to you, and to your associates, the propriety of avoiding any new cause of agitation or complaint.

We affirm now and ever, under the guaranties of the Constitution, the entire liberty of speech to every American citizen. We affirm, moreover, that our duties as citizens would require us to aid in extending protection to your Convention, in the exercise of the rights which all deliberative bodies may claim; but we still believe that public peace and the good of the whole country demand of us at this time forbearance and moderation.

We are no Disunionists. On the other hand, we cheerfully recognize the superior blessings which the American Union has secured to our country, and the important influence which it has exerted upon the civilized world.

With you, we regard the existence of slavery among us as a great moral, political and social evil, the extension of which, beyond the limits where it is recognized by the Constitution, is to be resisted by every means consistent with the integrity of the States and the maintenance of public liberty; but we can see no promise of good in the measures of the Convention you propose to hold.

You cannot expect to change the sentiment of the North upon the subject of slavery, for that is almost unanimous; and if your object be to convince the public that our Southern friends are entitled to no constitutional protection, we cannot but regard it as giving just cause of offence, as tending to excite a disturbance of the public peace, and to forward the efforts of the Southern States to dismember the Confederacy.

We sincerely trust you will deem it proper to exert your influence to prevent the assembling of a Convention, which can now be productive only of evil.

In conclusion, we may add that we are credibly informed that an organized and forcible effort will be made to prevent the holding of your Convention, and we fear a collision between the police force of the city and a lawless mob.

THOMAS T. DAVIS,	WILLIAM E. ABBOTT,
JOHN WILKINSON,	E. W. LEVENWORTH,
HIRAM PUTNAM,	E. B. WICKS,
O. T. BURT,	D. P. PHELPS,
JOHN DOLPHIN,	ISRAEL S. SPENCER,
JAMES M. ELLIS,	H. W. SLOCUM,
JAMES S. LEACH,	J. G. K. TRUAIR,
LYMAN CLARY,	MOSES SUMMERS,
ALANSON THORP,	W. BROWN SMITH,
T. B. FITCH,	H. D. HATCH.

REV. MR. MAY'S REPLY.

SYRACUSE, January 28, 1861, 1.45 p.m.

GENTLEMEN: Your communication requesting me to exert my influence to prevent the assembling of the Anti-Slavery Convention, called to meet on the 29th and 30th, came to hand at ¼ to 12.

The Committee of Arrangements have not yet come to the city, and I have no authority to postpone the Convention on their behalf. They may not arrive until this evening or to-morrow morning. Meanwhile, there is not time for me to see enough of the friends of the anti-slavery cause, residing in Syracuse, to sustain me in assuming the responsibility of preventing the meeting for the reasons you assign.

In common with my associates, I am very sincere in believing that the principles we inculcate, and the measures we advise, are the only ones that can extirpate from our country the root of that evil which now overshadows us, and threatens our ruin as a nation. We have much to say to the people—much that we deem it most important that they should hear and ponder, lest they bow themselves to another compromise with the slaveholding oligarchy, which, for the last twenty-five years, has ruled our Republic, and which nothing would satisfy but the entire subjugation of our liberties to their "peculiar institution."

We perceive that the "strong" men of the Republican party are trembling, and concession and compromises are coming to be their only hope. We deprecate their fears—their want of confidence in moral principle and God. We do not consider the reunion of our divided States of so much consequence as we do a steadfast adherence to the true and the right. We, therefore, feel deeply urged to cry aloud, and warn the people of the snare into which politicians and statesmen would lead them. We should at least *offer* to speak, whether the people will hear, or whether they will forbear.

If, gentlemen, you had assured me that our proposed meeting will be violently assaulted; that those who may assemble peacefully to listen to us will not be allowed to hear us; that they will be dispersed with insult, if not with personal injury; and that you—gentlemen of influence as you are—shall stand aloof, and let the violent have their way—then I should have felt it to be incumbent on me to advise the friends of liberty and humanity that it would not be worth their while to convene, as it would be dispersed.

But, gentlemen, as you generously "affirm" in the letter before me, "that your duties as citizens would require you to aid in extending protection to our Convention, in case it shall be convened, in the exercise of all the rights which all deliberate bodies may claim," and as the Mayor of our city has assured me that "he shall fearlessly use every means at his command to secure order, and to prevent any interference with our proceedings"—I feel that I should not be justified in assuming the responsibility of postponing the Convention. For, gentlemen, if you will do what you acknowledge to be your duty, and if the Mayor will fulfil his generous promise, I am confident the rioters will be overawed, the liberty of speech will be vindicated, and the city rescued from a deep disgrace.

Yours, gentlemen, in great haste, but very respectfully, SAMUEL J. MAY.

P.S. Police Office, 4½ p.m. Since the above was written, the Committee of Arrangements have arrived, and, without knowing what I have written above, they, each of them, after hearing your communication, and the Mayor's letter, determined that it was our duty to go on with the Convention; to present ourselves at the time and place appointed, and offer to the people the advice we have to give in this emergency of our country. S. J. M.

ACTION OF THE UNITARIAN SOCIETY.

Immediately after the close of the evening services in the Unitarian church, on Sunday evening, February 3d, Mr. D. P. Phelps requested the audience to be seated for a few moments, and said:

In view of the occurrences of the past week, by which the fair fame of our city has been tarnished and placed under a cloud, and by which the personal rights of free speech and lawful assembly have been stricken down and trampled under the hoofs of a beastly mob, which common decency and common law should have alike suppressed; and in view also of the personal insults and indignities, which, in the occurrences alluded to, were specially directed to the minister of this Society, a few of its members, who have had an opportunity to exchange views upon the subject, feel that it is due to themselves as good citizens, to the Society of which they are members, and to their minister, whom they respect and love, that they should express their abhorrence of the occurrences which have brought such deep disgrace upon the city, and that with calm, but indignant words they should resent the personal insults which their minister has received.

It was proposed to bring the subject up for action at the next business meeting of the Society, which is appointed for Thursday week, but, learning to-day that Mr. May, in fulfilment of an engagement, is to preach in Brooklyn the next two Sabbaths, I am not willing for myself to postpone the proposed action so long, and permit him to appear in another pulpit than his own, without having initiated at least some proceedings in vindication of our self-respect before he goes.

Believing that this same feeling which prompts me to this action is alive in all your hearts, and waits only an opportunity to give it form and expression, I move that we organize a public meeting, and for that purpose nominate James L. Bagg, Esq., as Chairman.

This motion was carried by a full and hearty response.

Mr. H. N. White, Clerk of the Society, was appointed Secretary of the meeting.

On taking the chair, Mr. Bagg remarked that he was called thereto without any previous intimation that such a meeting was to be held. But its object, as expressed by Mr. Phelps, accorded fully with the views and feelings he had entertained since the acts alluded to, and he was glad to find that such were the views of the entire Society. During his long residence in Syracuse, he had never known of such an outrage, or such a series of outrages, being committed here, and *he never heard of any such being committed in any Christian land.* He would not have believed that, within the limits of Syracuse—in a place where our minister had so long "lived and labored"—such a transaction could have taken place.

George L. Maynard seconded the motion of Mr. Phelps, in a few well chosen remarks.

The Chair then announced the following as the Committee: D. P. Phelps, Lyman Clary, C. F. Williston, Hiram Putnam, P. H. Agan, W. Brown Smith, Oliver T. Burt.

The meeting then adjourned.

On Sunday, the 12th inst., at the close of the morning service, the Committee submitted the following preamble and resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, The good name of the city of Syracuse has been brought to disgrace, and the moral sense of this community outraged by a mob, which lately interrupted and finally broke up two meetings of peaceable and orderly people assembled for a lawful purpose to discuss public questions; as also by the vile and beastly conduct of that same mob, which closed its demonstration by personal insults of the grossest character to inoffensive and worthy people, and especially to our minister, and believing it to be our duty as good citizens, and as members of this religious Society, that we should publicly denounce those proceedings as in every way wrong and detestable, therefore it is

Resolved, That as citizens of Syracuse to whom its fair fame is dear, we are greatly mortified and ashamed of the occurrences to which the foregoing preamble refers, by which our city has been so deeply disgraced; and while we express our detestation and abhorrence of such conduct, we pledge ourselves to use all proper means in the future to prevent its repetition, and to restore to our city the reputation which it has so long enjoyed, of permitting all questions to be fully and fairly discussed here, under the protection of a right public sentiment and a well administered public law.

Resolved, That as members of this religious Society, we feel called upon to reassert a foundation principle of our organization, which permits the largest liberty to free thought, and to its full and free expression upon all questions, whether moral, social or political, and to vindicate our claims to self-respect by denouncing the brutal insults and indignities to our minister, whose life-long Christian labors in upholding the rights of every human being should have been his protection, even from the mob by whom they were offered.

Resolved, That the rights of free assembly and of free speech, guaranteed by our National and State Constitutions, are natural as well as political rights, and should be sustained and protected, whenever and wherever assailed, by the united efforts of all good citizens, and of the appointed guardians of the public peace; for mob rule is anarchy, and anarchy leads inevitably to despotism.

Resolved, That in this denunciation of the active mob, we regret that we should be compelled to include also, and as even more culpable, persons occupying prominent places in this community, and who desire to be accounted good citizens, who gave countenance and support to its organization, advised and assisted in planning the outrages which were perpetrated, and contributed their money to carry out more effectually its illegal and indecent purposes.

Resolved, That these resolutions and the proceedings of the meeting at which this Committee was appointed, be entered at length on the minutes of the Society, and copies offered to the newspapers of the city for publication.

From The Syracuse American Wesleyan.

Some twelve or more of these ruffians have been indicted by the Grand Jury of the County, who were in session, and it remains to be seen what will be the result, when they shall be tried. We have no doubt but the prime movers of these disgraceful proceedings were prominent individuals who kept behind the curtains. The guilt mainly rests upon them, though if any are punished, it must be their tools. These are the simple facts, as far as we are able to gather them; and we never made a record of events where we chanced to reside, so mortifying to our own feelings, and so disgraceful to the locality of our home as these are.

IDOLATRY OF THE UNION.

From The Chicago Congregational Herald.

AND what in effect is the idea that Mr. Seward advances? That *we must worship the Union above liberty, above right, above God:* in other words, that *we must become idolators!* What infatuation has possessed so splendid a mind, that it should confound means with ends, instrumentalities with aims, plans with principles? A dwelling is in flames, and is nearly one half consumed. The people are helping the distracted father save his wife and children. Stop! cries Mr. Seward, save the house first, and then save whatever else is worth saving! Ungodly persecutors are about to take the life of a Christian who will not renounce his faith in Jesus, and his pious friends bid him not be dismayed by the glittering sword or the terrible stake and faggot. Senator Seward rushes up and rebukes them with the cry, Save his body first, and his soul afterwards, if that be worth saving! Blessed be God, the martyrs gave no heed in ancient times to such counsel; for there sounded in their ears the voice of one who said, "Fear not them that kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear him who is able to destroy both soul and body in hell." No words can describe our sorrow that so eminent a statesman should waver, if he have not fallen. We hope, even yet, that it may prove that we have mistaken the intent of his words.

The Federal Union is not an end, but a means; it is not liberty, but an instrumentality by which it was thought possible to secure liberty; it is not a law of God, but a human invention. If it can be maintained together with justice and liberty, then let us defend it: if it is to exist only by concession to fraud, violence and oppression, let us abandon it. *Never* will we idolize it: NEVER. It is not our God; it is a mere servant to do our righteous bidding; and when it cannot be used without sin, we will dismiss it and procure a better agency. In this critical hour we hear the voice from Sinai, "Ye shall have no other gods before ME."

THE LATEST CENSUS.

WE have received tables of the population returns for 1860, which we lay before our readers, with some comparisons with the returns for 1850. The first table relates to

FREE STATES AND TERRITORIES.

	1850.	1860.	Increase.
Maine	583,169	619,958	36,789
New Hampshire	317,976	326,072	8,096
Vermont	314,120	315,827	1,707
Massachusetts	994,514	1,231,494	236,980
Rhode Island	147,545	174,621	27,076
Connecticut	370,792	460,670	89,878
New York	3,097,394	3,851,563	754,169
New Jersey	489,333	676,084	187,751
Pennsylvania	2,311,786	2,916,018	604,232
Ohio	1,980,427	2,377,917	397,490
Michigan	397,654	754,291	356,637
Indiana	988,416	1,350,802	362,386
Illinois	851,470	1,691,238	839,768
Wisconsin	305,391	768,485	463,094
Iowa	192,214	682,003	489,789
California	92,597	384,770	292,173
Oregon	13,294	52,566	39,272
Minnesota	6,077	172,793	166,616
Kansas	....	143,645	143,645
Nebraska	....	28,893	28,893
Utah	11,354	50,000	38,646
Dakotah	....	4,839	4,839
Washington	....	11,624	11,624
	13,465,523	19,046,173	5,580,650

It will be seen from this that New York is still the first State in the Union, but that Illinois has grown more rapidly than New York during the last ten years. In several of the Western States the population has more than doubled in ten years, and in one, Iowa, has nearly quadrupled. There has been no positive decrease of population in any, although in several of the New England States it is very stationary.

The same remark may be made of the slave States, as this table shows:

SLAVE STATES.

	1850.	1860.	Increase.
Delaware	89,242	110,548	21,306
Maryland	492,666	946,183	153,517
Virginia	949,133	1,097,373	148,240
North Carolina	580,491	679,965	99,474
South Carolina	283,523	308,186	24,663
Georgia	524,503	615,336	90,833
Florida	48,135	81,885	33,750
Alabama	428,779	520,444	91,665
Mississippi	296,648	407,051	110,403
Louisiana	272,953	354,245	81,292
Texas	154,431	415,799	261,568
Arkansas	162,797	331,710	168,913
Tennessee	763,154	859,528	96,374
Kentucky	771,424	920,077	148,653
Missouri	594,422	1,085,595	490,973
District of Columbia	48,000	75,321	27,321
New Mexico	61,547	93,024	31,477
	6,522,048	8,602,470	2,080,422

Texas and Missouri have grown the most rapidly of all the slave States. South Carolina, Florida and Delaware are nearly stationary, and South Carolina, Tennessee

"PROGRESS."

ADDRESS OF WENDELL PHILLIPS,

Before the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society, at Music Hall, Boston, on Sunday, Feb. 17, 1861.

Phonographically reported for The Boston Atlas and Bee, Feb. 18.

WENDELL PHILLIPS delivered an address on "Progress," before the members of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society (Mr. Parker's), at Music Hall, yesterday afternoon. He was listened to by one of the largest audiences ever in this hall. Every door and avenue of egress, as well as nearly all available standing room, was occupied. He spoke as follows:

"And Jacob said unto Pharaoh, The days of the years of my pilgrimage are an hundred and thirty years; few and evil have the days of the years of my life been, and have not attained unto the days of the years of the life of my fathers in the days of their pilgrimage."

Thus spoke a Prince who had won from his elder brother both birthright and blessing—who had seen "the angels of God ascending and descending"—was able to say, "with my staff I passed over this Jordan, and now I am become two bands"—who had seen God face to face and still lived—to whom was pledged the Divine promise, "I will make of thee a great nation—in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed" —whose ears had just drunk in the glad tidings of his favorite son, "Joseph is yet alive; he is Governor over all the land of Egypt." Thus, often, timid and disconsolate gray hairs bewail their own times. To most men the golden age is one long past.

But Nature is ever growing. Science tells us every change is improvement. This globe, once a mass of molten granite, now blooms almost a paradise. So in man's life and history. One may not see it in his own short day. You must stand afar off to judge St. Peter's. The shadow on the dial seems motionless, but it touches noon at last. Place the ages side by side and see how they differ. Three-quarters of the early kings of France died poor and in prison, by the dagger or poison of their rivals. The Bonapartes stole large fortunes and half the thrones of Europe, yet all died natural deaths in their beds, and though discrowned, kept their enormous wealth.

When the English marched from Boston to Concord they fired into half the Whig dwellings they passed. When Lane crossed Kansas, pursuing Missouri ruffians, he sent men ahead to put a guard at every border ruffian's door and save inmate and goods from harm. When Goldsmith reminded England that "a heart buried in a dungeon is as precious as that seated on a throne," there were one hundred and sixty-nine crimes punished with death. Now not only England but every land governed by the English race is marked by the mildness of its penal code—only one, two or three classes of offenders being now murdered by law.

It is not yet fifteen years since the first Woman's Rights convention was held. The first call for one in Massachusetts, a dozen years ago, bore a name heard often in manful protest against popular sins—that of Waldo Emerson. But in that short fifteen years a dozen States have changed their laws. One statute a year old, in New York, securing to married women control of their wages, will do more to save New York from being brothel and grogshop than a thousand pulpits can do. When Kansas went to Topeka to frame a Constitution, one-third of the convention were in favor of giving woman the right to vote. Truly the day breaks. If time served I could find a score of familiar instances. It is enough to state the general principle that civilization produces wants. Wants awaken intellect. To gratify them disciplines intellect. The keener the want the lustier the growth. The power to use new truths in science, new ideas in morals or art, obliterates rank, and makes the lowest man useful or necessary to the State. Luther and Raphael, Fulton and Faust, Howard and Rousseau, mark the ages, not popes or kings. A Massachusetts mechanic, Eli Whitney, made cotton king; a Massachusetts printer, William Lloyd Garrison, has undermined its throne. Thus, civilization insures equality. Types are the fathers of democrats.

It is not always, however, ideas or moral principles that push the world forward. Selfish interests play a large part in the work. Our revolution of 1776 succeeded because trade and wealth joined hands with principle and enthusiasm, a union rare in the history of revolutions. Northern merchants fretted at England's refusal to allow them direct trade with Holland and the West Indies. Virginia planters, heavily mortgaged, welcomed anything that would postpone payment of their debts—a motive that doubtless avails largely among secessionists now. So merchant and planter joined heartily with hot-headed Sam Adams and reckless Joseph Warren, penniless John Adams, that brilliant adventurer, Alexander Hamilton, and that young scapegrace, Aaron Burr, to get independence (laughter). To merchant, independence meant only direct trade—to planter, cheating his creditors.

Present conflict of interests is another instrument of progress. Religious persecution planted these States—commercial persecution brought about the revolution—John Bull's perseverance in a seven years war fused us into one nation—his narrow and ill-tempered effort to govern us by stealth, even after the peace of 1783, drove us to the Constitution of 1789.

I think it was Coleridge who said if he were clergyman in Cornwall he should preach fifty-two sermons a year against wreckers. In the same spirit I shall find the best illustration of our progress in the history of the slave question.

Some men sit sad and trembling for the future, because the knell of this Union has sounded. But the heavens are almost all bright—and if some sable clouds linger on the horizon, they have turned their silver linings almost wholly to our sight. Every man who possesses his soul in patience sees that disunion is gain, disunion is *peace*, disunion is virtue.

Thomas Jefferson said, "It is unfortunate the efforts of mankind to recover the freedom of which they have been deprived should be accompanied with violence, with errors, and even with crime. But while we weep over the means, we must pray for the end."

We may see our future on the glass of our past history. The whole connection of Massachusetts colony with England was as much disgrace as honor to both sides. On the part of England it was an attempt to stretch principles which were common sense and justice applied to an island—but absurd and tyranny applied across the ocean. It was power without right, masked in form. On the side of the Colony it was petty shifts, quibbles, equivocations, cunning dodges—white lies—ever the resort of weakness. While England was bull dog, Massachusetts was fox. Whoever cannot take his right openly by force steals what he can by fraud. The Greek slave was a liar, as all slaves are. De Tocqueville says, "Men are not corrupted by the exercise of power or debased by submission; but by the exercise of power they think illegal, and submission to a rule they consider oppressive." That sentence is a key to our whole colonial history. When we grew strong enough to dare to be frank, we broke with England; timid men wept. But now we see how that disunion was gain, peace and virtue. Indeed, seeming disunion was real union. We were then two snarling hounds leashed together, we are now one in a true marriage, one in blood, trade, thought, religion, history, in mutual love and respect—where one then filched silver from the other, each now pours gold into the other's lap; our only rivalry which shall do most honor to the blood of Shakspeare and Milton, of Franklin and Blake.

In that glass we see the story of North and South since 1787, and I doubt not for all coming time. The people of the States between the Gulf and the great Lakes, yes, between the Gulf and the Pole, are essentially one. We are one in blood, trade, thought, religion, history—nothing can long divide us. If we had let our Constitution grow, as the English did—as oaks do, we had never passed through such scenes as the present. The only thing that divides us now is the artificial attempt in 1787 to force us into an unripe union. Some lawyers got together and wrote out a Constitution. The people and great interests of the land, wealth, thought, fashion and creed immediately laid it on the shelf and proceeded to *grow* one for themselves. The treaty power sufficed to annex a continent and change the whole nature of the government. The war power builds railroads to the Pacific. Right to regulate commerce builds observatories and dredges out lakes. Right to tax protects manufacturers, and had we wanted a king, some ingenious Yankee would have found the right to have one clearly stated in the provision for a well regulated militia (laughter). All that is valuable in the United States Constitution is a thousand years old. What is good is not new, and what is new is not good. That vaunted statesmanship which concocts constitutions never has announced to anything. The English Constitution, always found equal to any crisis, is an old mansion, often repaired, with quaint additions, and seven gables, each of a different pattern. Our Constitution is a new clapboard house, so square and sharp it almost cuts you to look at—staring with white paint and green blinds as if dropped in the landscape, or come out to spend an afternoon (laughter).

The trouble now is that, in regard to the most turbulent question of the age, our politicians and a knot of privileged slaveholders are trying to keep the people inside this parchment band. Goethe said—if you plant an oak in a flower vase, one of two things will happen—the oak will die or the vase break. Our acorn swelled, the tiny leaves showed themselves under the calm eye of Washington, and he laid down in hope. By-and-by the roots enlarged and men trembled. Webster and Clay—Everett and Botts—Seward and Adams—have been anxiously clasping the vase, but the roots have burst abroad at last, and the porcelain is in pieces (sensation). All ye who love oaks, thank God for so much. That Union of 1787 was one of fear—we were driven into it by poverty and the commercial hostility of England. As cold masses up all things, sticks, earth, stones and water into dirty ice. Heat first makes separation, and then unites those of the same nature. The heat of sixty years' agitation has severed the heterogeneous mass—wait awhile—it will fuse together all that is really one.

Let me show you why I think the present so bright, and why I believe that disunion is gain, peace and honor.

Why is the present hour sunshine? Because for the first time in our history we have a North. That event which Mr. Webster anticipated and prophesied has come to pass. In a real true sense, we have a North. By which I do not mean that the North rules, though politically speaking, the crowned and sceptred North does, indeed, take her seat in that council where thus far she has been only a tool. But I mean that free men, honest labor, makes itself felt in our State. The North ceases to be fox or spaniel, and puts on the lion. She asserts claims. She no longer begs, cheats or buys.

Understand me. In 1787, slave property, worth perhaps three hundred million of dollars, strengthened by the sympathy of all other capital, was a mighty power. It was the Rothschild of the State. The Constitution, by its *three-fifths slave basis*, made slaveholders an order of nobles. It was the house of Hapsburg joining hands with the house of Rothschild. Prejudice of race was the third strand of the cable, bitter and potent as Catholic ever bore Huguenot, or Hungary ever spit on Moslem. This fearful trinity won to its side that mysterious omnipotence called *Fashion*—a power which, without concerted action, without either thought, law or religion on its side, seems stronger than all of them, and spares no foe but wealth. Such was slavery. In its presence the North always kneeled and whispered. When slavery could not bully, it cheated its victim. In the convention that framed the Constitution, Massachusetts men said, as Charles Francis Adams says now, "What matters a pitiful three-fifths slave basis, and guarantee against insurrection to an institution on its death bed—gasping for its last breath. It may *conciliate*—is only a shadow—nothing more—why stand on words?" So they shut their eyes, as he does, on realities, and chopped excellent logic on forms.

But at that moment the devil hovered over Charleston, with a handful of cotton seed (applause). Dropped into sea island soil, and touched by the magic of Massachusetts' brains, it poisoned the atmosphere of thirty States. That cotton fibre was a rod of empire, such as Cæsar never wielded. It fattened into obedience pulpit and rostrum, court, market place and college, and leashed New York and Chicago to its chair of State. Beware, Mr. Adams. "He needs a long spoon who sups with the devil." In the kaleidoscope of the future, no statesman eye can foresee the forms. God gives narrow manhood but one clue to success—utter and exact justice; that he guaranties shall be always expediency. Deviate one hair's breadth—grant but a dozen slaves—only the tiniest seed of concession, you know not how many and tall branches of mischief shall grow therefrom.

I need not go over the subsequent compromises in detail. They are always of the same kind, mere words, Northern men assured us—barren concessions—"physical geography and Asiatic scenery" hindered any harm. But the South was always especially anxious to have these barren "words," and marvellously glad when she got them. Northern politicians, in each case, were either bullied or cheated, or feigned to be bullied, as they are about to do now. And the people were glad to have it so. I do not know that the politicians *are* a whit better now than then. I should not be willing to assert that Seward and Adams are any more honest than Webster and Winthrop—and certainly they have just as much spaniel in their make.

But the gain to-day is, we have a *people*. Under their vigilant eyes, mindful of their sturdy purpose, sustained by their determination—many of our politicians *act* much better. And out of this popular heart is *growing* a Constitution which will wholly supersede that of 1787.

A few years ago, while Pierce was President, the Republican party dared to refuse the appropriations for support of government—the most daring act ever ventured in a land that holds Bunker Hill and Brandywine. They dared to persevere some twenty or thirty days. It seems a trifle. But it is a very significant straw. Then for weeks when Banks was elected, and a year ago, again, the whole government was checked till the Republicans put their Speaker in the chair. Now the North elects her President, the South secedes. I suppose we shall be bargained away into compromise. I know the strength and virtue of the farming West. It is one of the bright spots that our sceptre tends there, rather than to the seaboard. Four or eight years hence, when this earthquake will repeat itself, the West may be omnipotent, and we shall see brave things.

But now, spite of Lincoln's wishes, I fear he will never be able to stand against Seward, Adams, half the Republican wire-pullers and the seaboard. But even now, it Seward and the rest had stood firm as Lincoln, Sumner, Chase, Wade and Lovejoy and *The Tribune* have hitherto done, I believe you might have polled the North and had a response three to one, "Let the Union go to pieces rather than yield one inch." I know no sublimer hour in history. The sight of these two months is compensation for a life of toil. Never let Europe taunt us again that our blood is wholly cankered by gold. Our people have stood willing their idolized government should go to pieces for an idea. True, other nations have done so. England in 1640—France in 1791—our colonies in 1775. Those were proud moments. But to-day touches a nobler height. Their idea was their own freedom. To-day the idea, loyal to which our people willingly see their Union wrecked, is, largely, the hope of justice to a dependent, helpless, hated race. Revolutions never go backward. The live force of a human pulse-beat can rive the dead lumber of government to pieces. Chain the Hellespont, Mr. Xerxes-Seward, before you dream of balking the Northern heart of its purpose—freedom to the slave. The old sea never laughed at Persian chains more haughtily than we do at Congress compromises.

I reverently thank God that he has given me to see such a day as this. Remember the measureless love of the North for the Union—its undoubting faith that disunion is ruin—and then value as you ought this last three months. If Wilberforce could say on his death bed, after fifty years toil, "Thank God I have lived to see the day that England is willing to give twenty million sterling for the abolition of slavery," what ought our gratitude to be for such a sight as this? Twenty millions of people willing—would only their leaders permit—to barter their government for the hope of justice to the negro.

But you will tell me of dark clouds—mobs in every Northern city. Grant it, and more. When Lovejoy was shot at Alton, Illinois, while defending his press, and Faneuil Hall was closed to his friends, Wm. Ellery Channing, William Sturgis, and George Bond, the saints and merchants of Boston, rallied to the defence of free speech. Now we hold meetings, only when and how the Mayor permits (hisses and great applause), yet no merchant prince, no pulpit hero, rallies to our side. But raise your eyes from the disgraced pavements of Boston, and look out broader. That same soil which drank the blood of Lovejoy, now sends his brother to lead Congress in its fiercest hour; that same prairie lifts his soul's son to crush the Union as he steps into the Presidential chair. Sleep in peace, martyr of Alton—good has come out of Nazareth. The shot which turned back our Star of the West from the waters of Charleston, and tolled the knell of the Union, was the rebound of the bullet that pierced your heart.

When Lovejoy died, men used to ask tauntingly what good has the anti-slavery cause done—what changes has it wrought? As well stand over the cradle and ask what use is a baby? He will be a man sometime—the anti-slavery cause has got to be twenty-one years old.

This hour is bright from another cause. Since 1800 our government has been only a tool of the Slave Power; the stronghold of anti-slavery has been the sentiment of the people. We have always prophesied that our government would be found too weak to bear so radical an agitation of slavery as this. It has proved so; the government is a wreck. But the people have shown themselves able to deal with it; able to shake this sin from their lap as easily as the lion does dew drops from his mane.

Mark another thing. No Northern man will allow you to charge him with a willingness to extend slavery. No matter what his plan, he is anxious to show you it is not a compromise! and will not extend slavery one inch. Mr. Dana is eloquent on this point, Mr. Adams positive, Mr. Seward cunning, Thurlow Weed indignant (laughter). Virtue is not wholly discrowned while hypocrisy is the homage laid at her feet. With such progress, why should we compromise?

Everybody allows, North and South, that any compromise will only be temporary relief. The South knows it—it is—meant to tide over a shallow spot. The North knows it, too. The startled North, in fact, now says: "Yes, I'll continue to serve you till my hair be grown, then I'll bring down the very temple itself." That is what a compromise really means. The progress is seen in this. The South always has said: "Yes, give me so much; I will not keep my part of the bargain, but hold you to yours, and get more the moment I can." Hitherto the North has said yes, and her courage consisted in skulking. Seward would *swear* to support the Constitution, but not keep the oath. I use his name to illustrate my idea. But it is always with the extremest reluctance I bring myself to see a spot on the fame of that man, who, at his own cost, by severe toil, braving fierce odium, saved our civilization from the murder of the idiot Freeman.

But you may also ask, if compromise be even a temporary relief, why not make it?

1. Because it is wrong.

2. Because it delays emancipation. To-day England, horror-struck that her five million operatives who live on cotton should depend on States rushing into anarchy, is ransacking the world for a supply. Leave her to toil under that lash, and in five years South Carolina will be starved into virtue. One thousand slaves are born each day. Hurry emancipation three years, and you raise a million human beings into free born men.

3. Compromise demoralizes both parties. Mark, the North, notwithstanding all its progress, does not now quit the South. In the great religious bodies and the State it is the sinners who kick the virtuous out of the covenant with death! Mr. Dana in his recent speech does not secede because unwilling to commit the three constitutional sins. The South secedes from him because he will not commit one more.

4. Compromise risks insurrection—the worst door at which freedom can enter. Let universal suffrage have free sway, and the ballot supersedes the bullet. But let an arrogant and besotted minority curb the majority by tricks like these, and when you have compromised away Lincoln, you revive John Brown. On this point of insurrection let me say a word. Men talk of the peace of the South under our present government. It is no real peace. With the whites it is only that bastard peace which the lazy Roman loved—*ut se apricaret*—that he might sun himself. It is only safe idleness, sure breeder of mischief. With the slave it is only war in disguise. Under that mask is hid a war keener in its pains, and deadlier in its effects, than any open fight. As the Latin adage runs—*mars gravior sub pace latet*—war bitterer for its disguise.

Thirty years devoted to earnest use of moral means show how sincere our wish that this question should have a peaceful solution. If your idols, your Websters, Clays, Calhouns, Sewards, Adamses, had done their duty, so it would have been. Not ours the guilt of this storm, or of the future, however bloody. But I hesitate not to say that I prefer an insurrection which frees the slave in ten years to slavery for a century. A slave I pity. A rebellious slave I respect. I say now as I said ten years ago, I do not shrink from the toast with which Dr. Johnson flavored his Oxford port, "Success to the first insurrection of the blacks in Jamaica!" I do not shrink from the sentiment of Southey, in a letter to Duppa—"There are scenes of tremendous horror which I could smile at by Mercy's side. An insurrection which should make the negroes masters of the West Indies is one." I believe both these sentiments are dictated by the highest humanity. I know what anarchy is. I know what civil war is. I can imagine the scenes of blood through which a rebellious slave population must march to their rights. They are dreadful. And yet, I do not know, that, to an enlightened mind, a scene of civil war is any more sickening than the thought of a hundred and fifty years of slavery. Take the broken hearts; the bereaved mothers; the infant, wrung from the hands of its parents; the husband and wife torn asunder; every right trodden under foot; the blighted hopes, the imbruted souls, the darkened and degraded millions—sunk below the level of intellectual life, melted in sensuality, herded with beasts—who have walked over the burning marl of Southern slavery to their graves, and where is the battle-field, however ghastly, that is not white—white as an angel's wing, compared with the blackness of that darkness which has brooded over the Carolinas for two hundred years? (Great sensation.) Do you love mercy? Weigh out the fifty thousand hearts that have beaten their last pulse amid agonies of thought and suffering fancy faints to think of; and the fifty thousand mothers, who, with sickening senses, watch for footsteps that are not wont to tarry long in their coming, and soon find themselves left to tread the pathway of life alone—add all the horrors of cities sacked and lands laid waste—and then weigh them all against some young girl sent to the auction-block, some man like that taken from our Court House and carried back into Georgia; multiply this individual agony into three millions; multiply that into centuries; and that into all the relations of father and child, husband and wife; heap on all the deep moral degradation both of the oppressor and the oppressed, and tell me if Waterloo or Thermopylæ claim one tear, from the eye even of the tenderest spirit of mercy, compared with this daily system of hell amid the most civilized and Christian people on the face of the earth!

No, I confess I am not a non-resistant. The reason why I advise the slave to be guided by a policy of peace is because he has had hitherto no chance. If he had one—if he had as good a chance as those who went up to Lexington years ago, I should call him the basest recreant that ever deserted wife and child, if he did not vindicate his liberty by his own right hand.

Mr. Richard Dana, Jr., says in such a contest his sympathies would be with his own race. I confess mine would be with the right. I feel bound to add my doubt whether a slave insurrection would be a bloody one. In all revolutions, except the French, the people have always shown themselves merciful. Witness Switzerland, St. Domingo, Hungary, Italy. Tyranny sours more than suffering. The Conservative hates the abolitionist more than we do him. The South hates the North. The master speaks ten bitter words of the slave where the slave speaks five of the master.

But I was speaking of compromise. Compromise degrades us and puts back freedom in Europe. If the North manfully accepts the Potomac for her barrier, avows her gladness to get rid of tyrants, her willingness and her ability to stand alone, she can borrow as much money in Europe as before, and will be more respected. Free institutions are then proved breeders of men. If, instead of this, the North belittles herself by confessing her fears, her weakness, her preference for peace at any price, what capitalist will trust a rope of sand—a people which the conspiracy of Buchanan's Cabinet could not disgust, nor the guns of Carolina arouse?

Will compromise eliminate all our Puritan blood—make the census add up against us and in favor of the South—write a new Testament—blot John Brown from history—make Connecticut suck its idle thumbs like a baby and South Carolina invent and save like a Yankee? If it will, it will succeed. If it will not, Carolina don't want it any more than Jerrold's duck wants you to hold an umbrella over him in a hard shower. Carolina wants separation: wants, like the jealous son, her portion, and must waste it in riotous madness before she return a repentant prodigal.

Why do I think disunion gain, peace, and virtue?

Let us rise to the height of our position. This is revolution, not rebellion.

Suppose we welcome disunion, manfully avow one real sentiment, "liberty and equality," and draw the line at the Potomac. We do not want the border States. Let them go, be welcome to the forts, and take the capital with them (applause and hisses). What to us is a hothouse city, empty streets and useless marble? Where Macgregor sits is the head of the table. Active brains, free lips and cunning hands make empires. Paper capitals are vain. Of course we must assume a right to buy out Maryland and Delaware. Then, by running our line at the Potomac, we close the irrepressible conflict, and have homogeneous institutions. Then we part friends. The Union thus ended, the South no longer hates the North. Cuba she cannot have. France, England and ourselves forbid. If she spread over Central America, that will bring no cause of war to a Northern confederacy. We are no filibusters. Her meanness to us there cannot harm us. Let Kansas witness that while Union fettered her, and our national banner clung to the flag-staff heavy with blood, we still made good George Canning's boast—"where that banner is planted, foreign dominion shall not come." With a government heartily on his side, and that flag floating in the blessings of twenty million of freemen, the loneliest settler in the shadow of the Rocky mountains will sleep fearless.

Why, then, should there not be peace between two such confederacies? There must be. Let me show you why:

1. The laws of trade will bind us together as they now do all other lands. This side of the ocean, at least, we are not living in feudal times, when princes made war for ambition. We live in days when men of common sense go about their daily business, while frightened kings are flying along the highways. Leave neighborhood and trade alone and we shall observe peace. Observe, only Northerners are lynched at the South now. Spaniards, French, Scotch are safe. When English Captain Vaughan is tarred and feathered, the Mayor offers a reward and the grand jury indict. After a fair, sensible disunion, such as I have described, a Boston man will be as well off as Capt. Vaughan.

At any rate, disunion could not make the two sections any more at war than they are now. Any change in this respect would be an improvement. If the North and Mexico had touched boundaries, would they ever have quarrelled? Nothing but Southern filibusterism, which can never point North, ever embroiled us with Mexico. To us in future the South will be another Mexico—too weak, too intent on her own broils to attack us.

The South cannot make war on any one. Suppose the fifteen States hang together a year—which is almost an impossibility—I, they have given bonds in two thousand million of dollars—the value of their slaves—to keep the peace.

2. They will have enough to do to attend to the irrepressible conflict at home. Virginia, Kentucky, Missouri will be their Massachusetts—Winter Davis, Blair and Cassius Clay their Seward and Garrison.

3. The Gulf States will monopolize all the offices. A man must have gulf principles to belong to a healthy party. Under such a lead, disfranchised Virginia, in opposition, will not have much heart to attack Pennsylvania.

4. The census shows that the border States are pushing their slaves South. Fear of their free Northern neighbors will quicken the process, and so widen the breach between Gulf and Border States by making one constantly more and the other less a slave State. Less trade in sugar bankrupts Louisiana. Free trade in men bankrupts Virginia. Free trade generally lets two-thirds of the direct taxation rest on the numerous, richer and more comfortable whites of the Border States; hence further secession. Such a despotism, with every third man black and a foe, will make no wars.

Why should it attack us? We are not an avalanche overhanging its sunny vales. Our influence, that of freedom, is only the air, penetrating everywhere, like heat, permeating all space. The South cannot stand isolated on a glass cricket. The sun will heat her, and electricity convulse. She must outwit them before she can get rid of ideas. A fevered child in July might as well strike at the sun, as the South attack us for that, the only annoyance we can give her—the sight and influence of our nobler civilization.

Disunion is gain. I venture the assertion, in the face of State street, that of any five Northern men engaged in Southern trade exclusively, four will end in bankruptcy. If disunion sifts such commerce, the North will lose nothing.

I venture the assertion that seven at least of the Southern States receive from the government more than they contribute to it. So far, their place will be more profitable than their company.

The whole matter of Southern trade has been grossly exaggerated, as well as the importance of the Mississippi river. Freedom carves her own lines of iron. Facts show that for one dollar the West sends or brings by the river, she sends and brings four to and from the East by wagon and rail.

If, then, Mississippi and Louisiana bar the river with forts, they will graciously be allowed to pay for them, while Northern hands grow rich carrying beef and steam the small portion of wheat, bacon, silk or tea which would otherwise float lazily up and down that yellow stream.

The Cincinnati *Press*, which has treated this subject with rare ability, asserts that, excepting provisions which the South must, in any event, buy of the West, the trade of Cincinnati with Southern Indiana alone is thrice her trade with the whole South. As our benevolent societies get about one dollar in seven south of Mason and Dixon's line, so our traders sell there only about one dollar in five. Such trade, if cut off, would ruin nobody. In fact, the South buys little of us and pays only for about half she buys (laughter and hisses).

Now, we build Southern roads, pay Southern patrol, carry Southern letters, support, out of the nation's treasury, an army of Southern officeholders, waste more money at Norfolk in building ships that will not float, than is spent in protecting the five great lakes which bear up millions of commerce. These vast pensions come back to us in shape of Southern traders, paying, on the average, one half their debts. Dissolve the Union and we shall save this outgo, and probably not sell without a prospect of being paid.

Southern trade is a lottery, to which the Union gives all the prizes. Put it on a sound basis by disunion, and the North gains. If we part without anger, the South buys, as every one does, of the cheapest seller. We get her honest business without being called to fill up the gap of bankruptcy which the wasteful system of slave labor must occasion. In this generation no slave State in the Union has made the year's ends meet. In counting the wealth of the Union, such States are a *minus* quantity. Should the Gulf States, however, return, I have no doubt the United States treasury will be called on to pay all these secession debts.

Disunion is honor. Take Mr. Richard H. Dana, Jr., as example, a name historic for generations, a scholar of world wide fame. He finds in the Constitution the duty of returning fugitive slaves, all alike, "the old and the ignorant, the young and the beautiful," to be surrendered to the master, whether he be man or brute. Mr. Dana avows his full readiness to perform this legal duty. All honor at least to the shameless effrontery with which he avows his willingness. He paints the hell of slavery in words that make the blood cold, and then boasts—this Massachusetts scholar, gentleman, his friends would call him—boasts that no man can charge him with having ever said one word against the surrender of fugitive slaves! Counsel in all the Boston slave cases, he never suffered himself to utter one word which any poor fugitive negro or any friend of his could construe into an assertation that a fugitive slave should not be restored!

He unblushingly claims merit for himself and Massachusetts (I have no doubt in the scornful South he will have "his claim allowed")—that he and Massachusetts have constantly executed laws which "offended their sense of honor and ran counter to their moral sentiments," which he considers a "painful *duty*." To be sure Mr. Dana has discovered in his wide travels and extensive voyages a "peculiar" class of people, narrow minded, very little read in Greek, who think, poor simpletons, that this slave-hunting is a sin. But then Aristotle did not look at things in this light. He took broader views and proves conclusively that three virtues and one sin exactly make a saint, and Mr. Dana is too good a churchman to dispute with Aristotle. He sees no reason why, notwithstanding this clause as to forcing our fellow men back into hell, "a conscientious man" should not swear to obey the Constitution and actually obey it. Now Mr. Seward and Mr. Joel Parker, who both believe in the Fugitive Slave clause and willingly *swear* to enforce it, have each given public notice they will not enforce it. Mr. Dana will swear and perform too. They will swear but not perform. Their guilt is perjury, his is man-stealing. On the whole, I should rather be Seward than Dana. For perjury is the more gentlemanly vice, to my thinking. Perjury only filches your neighbor's rights. Man-stealing takes rights and neighbor too.

After all this, Mr. Dana objects to the Crittenden compromise. Something short of that he can allow, because he does not call these other offers, Adams's and such like, compromises?! It seems he objects more to the word than the thing. But the Crittenden proposal he is set against for a reason which may strike you singular in a man willing to return slaves—but then we are bundles of inconsistencies, all of us. But this slave-hunter cannot abide Crittenden because, listen, because he thinks "an investment in dishonor is a bad investment! An investment in infidelity to the principles of liberty is a bad investment"! Hunt slaves? Yes, it is a duty. Give some territory to slavery and peril the Republican party? Never, it is a "bad investment"! De Quincy says: "If once a man indulges in murder, very soon he comes to think little of robbing; from robbing he comes next to drinking, from that to ill manners and procrastination. Once enter this downward path, and you know not where you'll stop." Mr. Dana, has however, taken warning, and stops at man-stealing.

Some of you will call this personality. I will tell you some time when the hour serves why I use personality. Enough now to remind you his clients are wealth, culture, power and white blood. Mine are four millions of human beings, standing dumb and suppliant on the threshhold of Christianity and civilization—and hundreds of fugitives trembling at every motion of the doorlatch. Whoever perils their safety, or holds back the day of their redemption by unmanly sophistry, base word or base act, shall always find in me a critic. Let no man call me harsh—I only *repeat* with emphasis words such men are not ashamed to *speak*. Southern Legrees can plead, if not excuse, yet some extenuation. But when a Massachusetts Republican, a Massachusetts lawyer, a Massachusetts scholar, avows such sentiments, he puts himself below the Legrees. Blame not this plainness of speech. I have a hundred friends, as brave souls as God ever made, whose hearths are not as safe after honored men make such speeches.

Faneuil Hall, too, kneels patient for its burden, and by its President that meeting says to the South, "Only name your terms—that is all we will trouble you to do." Like Luther's priest, who, when Catholics told him to pray one way and Protestants another, ended by repeating the alphabet and begging God to form a prayer agreeable to himself. So our Boston orator offers the South *carte blanche*—the whole bundle of compromises—"will she only condescend to indicate her preference?"

Mr. Dana is a man above the temptations of politics. The President of the Faneuil Hall meeting has no political aspirations—an independent gentleman. Such speeches show how wide the gangrene of the Union spreads. Mr. Dana's speech was made, he says, in the shadow of Bunker's Hill, in sight of the spot where Washington first drew his sword. The other speech was borne to the roof of Faneuil Hall by the plaudits of a thousand merchants. Surely, such were not the messages Lamb bridge and our old Hall used to exchange! Can you not hear Warren and Otis crying to their recreant representatives: "Sons, scorn to be Slaves. Believe, for our sakes, we did not fight for such a government. Trample it under foot. You cannot be poorer than we were. It cannot cost you more than our seven years of war. Do it, if only to show that we have not lived in vain."

Mr. Phillips spoke about an hour, and was frequently interrupted with expressions of approbation and, occasionally, disapprobation. At his close he was congratulated by a large number of friends, who crowded around him on the platform. After a few moments delay, and after the hall was nearly cleared, Mr. Phillips, with a few gentlemen, proceeded out of the hall, entered a carriage waiting in front of Bromfield House, was rapidly driven to his residence in Essex street.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1861.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

THE IMPENDING CRISIS.

THE Abolitionists have been accused, very unjustly, of hostility to the Republican party. They have been faithful to it in pointing out its inconsistencies and short-comings, and in trying to prevail upon it to build its platform on higher ground than the mere exclusion of slavery from the Territories. Regarding it, as it is, as the child of the anti-slavery movement, we felt a paternal interest in its good behavior, and if at any time we felt called upon to chastise it, it was as a father chasteneth his children, and with a single eye to its own good. But, as things look now, it would seem as if we were unreasonable to expect even as much as this. It looks as if it undertook to carry more than the strength of its constitution warranted, and that it is in great danger of breaking down under the load. If we had any enmity to the Republican party, we are surely now in a position to rejoice over it, for a successful party was never yet in such an evil plight as the one that triumphed on the Sixth of November. That is to say, if it follow the counsels of its chiefest leaders. It may leave itself a most honorable name in history, and be the means of the deliverance of the country from the most shameful of servitudes, if it will but follow those of consistency and self-respect, instead.

It is indeed a barren sceptre which Abraham Lincoln will find in his grasp on the Fourth of March. A bankrupt treasury, a disorganized army and navy, six States out of the Union, the forts at the most important points of the revolted coast in the hands of the seceders. And the only terms on which the other slave States—even the most loyal of them all—will remain in the Union, demand the unconditional surrender of all that was fought for in the last campaign. That is an unequivocal preliminary, the condition precedent, which Virginia and Missouri require as essential to their remaining in the Union. The rights of the South in the Territories must be guaranteed, of course—which is only another way of stating that the slaveholders are to have their own way with them. The simplest terms offered by the vanquished to the victors, as the price of their forgiveness, is an unconditional surrender of everything that was in dispute at the battle which was fought and won last November. But it is only the very most merciful of the enemies of the Republicans that are willing to let them off as easily as this. An added stringency to the Fugitive Slave law, the recognition of the right of the slaveholders to make New York and Boston their ports of entry and clearance for their human cargoes, the amendment of the Constitution by the insertion of the terms of infamy which the framers disguised under cunning periphrases, and such other conditions as may be at once soothing to the South and insulting to the North, is asked by the more resolute of its vanquished opposites. And just as much of this as is necessary to induce the Old Man of the Sea to keep his seat astride of the neck of the North the Republican leaders seem ready to concede rather than endure his taking himself off. It must be rather a bitter pill to take, even if it be swallowed without wry faces.

Mr. Seward has taken his place on the anxious seat in face of the whole congregation, and his readiness to forsake his sins must be taken as an earnest of repentance that he ever committed them. According to him there were no principles contended for at the last election, which must be maintained at whatever hazard, or else he could hardly be so ready to give them all up to avoid a political disturbance. He must have seen the error of his anti-slavery ways and the impiety of his setting up of the law of God above that of Congress, or he would not consent to any settlement of the present dispute on terms which give slavery any better claim than it has now. Yet this is the simple English of his last speech. The Union, honorably if you can, but the Union at any cost. And the very smallest price named as the ransom of the Union by the pirates who have made themselves masters of the situation is the abandonment of the only principle and measure that the Republicans, led by Mr. Seward, set up as the standard of their warfare. And this flag Mr. Adams has expressed his willingness to strike rather than that the mutineers should take the long-boat. Nothing can be simpler and more compendious than his mode of settlement with them. It is merely to give them all they asked and a little sooner than even their assurance could demand it. New Mexico is to be admitted with such a Constitution as she may choose to offer, with slavery or without, in the faith that the word of the prophet Daniel, as to the effect of "physical geography and Asiatic scenery," in making it what it should be, will be fulfilled. It is very true that the number of slaves now held in New Mexico is very small; but, like Mercutio's wound, "it will do," though not as deep as a well or as wide as a church door. It is enough to inoculate the whole body politic and make its whole head sick and its whole heart faint. The character of the American population is shown in the robust villany of the territorial laws about slavery, and as the system of white slavery called "peonage," is one of the domestic institutions of the Spanish race, it is not likely that they will have any sentimental objections to Negro slavery. Such a Constitution as such men will provide is all that slavery asks. She will be willing to grant New Mexico the favor Polyphemus vouchsafed to Ulysses, of being devoured the last—as long as she lies bound hand and foot in the meshes of such a Constitution. The only reason why New Mexico has no more slaves now is that the slaveholders are not ready to go there yet. They have not yet devoured in their locust flight all the intermediate land. When they are ready they will let Mr. Adams know whether they will enter in and possess it. The fact of its being a mining rather than an agricultural country may hasten their descent upon it—but can never hinder it. For there is no species of labor that is so well adapted to slave labor as mining. All the mines in the world, before California was invented, were worked by slaves or convicts, their equivalents.

It were enough to make one despair of political progress, should the Republicans throw away the supremacy which their late victory has given the North over the South, when it is so easy to maintain it. Providence is doing all it can to point out the way they should go—though it is so plain that even a fool must be blinded by glamor or deafened by noise to err therein. They have nothing to do but to hold their own, and merely do what they have proclaimed from every stump in the North and West it was their duty and their determination to do. Without firing a gun, unless first fired upon, they could ignore the whole secession movement and block its game completely. This on the supposition that they did not recognize the right of secession and were not willing to treat for a peaceful separation. If the secession movement were indeed but a game of bluff, intended merely to sweep the stakes that the North had fairly won, as soon as it was clear that the luck had gone against them, of course, they would be ready enough to return on the terms of the victors, instead of presuming to dictate to them, as soon as they saw the game was up. But if, on the other hand, the secession of the Cotton States was a sincere thing, as we believe it was, then the Republicans had the opportunity of making the articles of separation which would have rid the true Republic of the yoke that had so long checked its progress and of initiating the policy which would make it one of the greatest Powers on earth. The Barbarism of the South would be subjected to the Civilization of the North, or else it would be no longer a drag upon its greatness and its glory. And all this to be surrendered, if our old masters will consent, for the sake of a fresh term of humiliation and misrule! Our main hope lies in those old mas

Hamlin, Douglas and Johnson, Breckinridge and Lane, Bell and Everett, Smith and McFarlin presentation of the picture; while five distinct views have thus been permitted to all, may we, Northern Secessionists, not claim the poor privilege of giving the kaleidoscope just one shake more, to take the view we like best of all? No! that is the very view that is so bad for the Union! What ails the Union? what is the disturbing force? You all acknowledge it is slavery. And will it not ever be a disturbing force? Are not the very elements of slavery and freedom eternally antagonistic? But why do you fear us? We *say* no more than Washington, Jefferson, the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution have said, for near a century. All their sayings did not emancipate the slaves, nor break up the Union. Why are you afraid to have them repeated? The difference is, that in those days freedom was stronger than slavery; and the cunning wolf was compelled to put on the guise of the lamb, to be permitted to lie down in the green pastures of the Union; but, in time, the wolf waxed stronger and stronger, and multiplied, and, as he grew in numbers, he encroached on forbidden pastures, and threatened to devour lambs, and watch-dogs, and shepherds, and all there was of strength, and health, and life, throughout the vast domains of freedom; and now, when the law of self-preservation warns us imperatively to drive back the hungry wolves to their fastnesses in the heart of barbarism, their howls of disappointment go up in the ears of the whole nation.

The position of the Union at this hour presents itself to my mind a compact living picture, that to my wondering eyes stands out in bold relief.

In the foreground behold Freedom and Slavery locked in a stern embrace; not in a fraternal love like that of Jonathan and David, but in the deadly wrestling of a Cain and Abel.

On one side, stand the Northern secessionists, urging Freedom to cease her struggle, and sunder her monstrous and unnatural union with sin and death. Arrayed in pure white robes, with crowns of light and glory on their brows, they are pleading for justice and mercy, for purity and peace. Angels are hovering o'er them, mid clouds of dazzling radiance, from whose midst a voice seems to say, "Come ye out from among them."

On the other, stand the Southern secessionists, clad, cap-a-pie, in scarlet and steel—through that armor, no arrow of mercy can penetrate—mid the din of arms, and the smoke of booming cannon, flying serpents, with tongues of fire and hisses of flame, urge their victims on to deadly conflict.

In the whole background, on the bold hill tops, and in receding valleys, millions of sable men stand anxious, but silent spectators of the fearful scene!! This is no fancy sketch, but the living fact of this hour, brought into the smallest possible focus, and daguerreotyped on paper.

Where do each of you, my hearers, choose to take your place in the picture? With those who would fasten the deadly fangs of slavery on the very vitals of this young Republic, with those who would stand to parley and wrestle, and make compromises and concessions with the giants fraud and falsehood, until the most sacred rights of freemen are all bartered away for an ignoble, uncertain peace: or with those who stand at God's right hand, with the angels and archangels? with Christ and his Church, with all those who believe in the golden rule—in the precepts of Jesus—the Bible, and our glorious Declaration of Independence, which, when first proclaimed at the mouth of the cannon, lifted us head and shoulders above the nations of the earth? If you would take your place in the royal ranks of God's nobility, join us, and help to rouse a nation's heart to a holy love of liberty, a firm, abiding faith in the everlasting principles of justice.

This has ceased to be a question of the black man's rights alone. With us at the North, it has resolved itself into a question of free speech.

A sure way at any time to test this right, is to talk about something people do not wish to hear. But, you say, what is the use of agitating this question? Slavery must eventually die. Your idea that agitation is needless to hasten its death is like the clown in the old classic play, two thousand years ago, who, seeing a man bring down with an arrow an eagle floating in the blue ether above, said, "You need not have wasted your arrow, the fall would have killed him."

The Convention then adjourned, and the leading members of it were under the necessity of accepting an escort of police to their homes.

SECOND SESSION.

The Convention assembled again on Tuesday, at 3 o'clock, p.m.

The MAYOR again addressed the people. He said: "If mob law is to rule in this Convention, it will be by overthrowing the athorities. I will use," said he, "all the power of my office to sustain the laws. Those who riot here will do it at their peril." He also tried the words of persuasion, but as the result showed, without effect.

ERNESTINE L. ROSE was the first speaker, and she was heard without much disturbance.

The following resolutions were read by Miss Anthony:

Resolved, That the government of this country is, and ever has been, a cruel, bloody and unmitigated despotism over the wrested rights, the prostrated bodies and benighted souls of myriads of human beings; and so must remain, as well under a Republican rule, based on the Chicago platform and the declarations of Abraham Lincoln, as the Democratic Administration of the present, and the Whig and Federal parties of the past.

Resolved, That, in the election of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency, we recognize, not so much a change in the party leaders and moving springs of the government, as in the people themselves, nor do we expect so much a change in the power on the throne, as has already appeared and is becoming more and more manifest in the power *behind* the throne, THE PEOPLE THEMSELVES. And we confidently assure the Southern seceding States especially that the New York *Herald* is the very best newspaper authority they can consult as to the determination of the Northern *People* to resist, even unto death, every demand of the Slave Power; that whatever Congress may enact or repeal, or State Legislatures, led by demagogues, may decree, the *people* will repeal all "Fugitive Slave laws," and will enact and *execute*, too, all manner of Personal Liberty bills, will build and run a net-work of Underground Railroads that shall people the Northern States with the best and truest of the slaves; will give aid and comfort to every Nat Turner who rises in insurrection against his tyrant master; and will honor with Lafayette every John Brown who goes to his assistance: and, in every possible way *The Herald* has ever suggested, they will, regardless of all laws, constitutions or demagogue dictation, oppose, obstruct, and trample on slavery with a view to its total and eternal destruction.

Resolved, That coming up to this Convention from among the people, we hesitate not to warn the Southern States against any soft words in or out of Congress, as to the safety and security of the slave system under Mr. Lincoln's Administrstion; for the people have voted for their President under the solemn assurance that there is, and is to be, "AN IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT" with slavery to its utter extermination.

Resolved, That in the present distractions and anarchy of American politics and parties, we see the fatal and inevitable result of attempting to found a government on concession and compromise, at the sacrifice of justice, liberty and the Higher Law.

Resolved, That now is the time (it may be the last) for the North to absolve itself forever from such unrighteous Confederation; and while the slave States are retiring from the Union, and demanding still more outrageous concessions and guarantees to slavery than now exist, they should be taken at their word, and the present Confederacy ended, never more to be reconstructed, except on condition of the immediate emancipation of every slave.

Miss ANTHONY followed the reading of the resolutions with a brief review of the most hopeful Republican promises of the Presidential campaign, showing that among them all there was not the shadow of a hope for the slave in any of the fifteen slave States; that all were for the free white man; that the slave's demand of the North was to break the compact of the Fathers between the North and the South, and leave the slaves alone with their tyrants to settle the question, or like John Brown go to their rescue.

The noise increased, drowning the speaker's voice, and the Mayor, finding it of no use to talk to the rioters any longer, gave the police orders to clear the gallery. It was done with promptness. The Mayor gave further directions to the police to distribute themselves among the audience and arrest the first one who should disturb the meeting. He stated that if the police force was not sufficient, he had ample power ready, which he should not hesitate to call upon; that the question whether the rights of individuals were to be made subject to mob law might as well be tested now as at any time, and come what might, he should maintain the right of free speech.

This demonstration of authority had the desired effect, and perfect quiet reigned.

At the close of Miss Anthony's speech there were loud calls for GERRIT SMITH, who, now that order was established and free speech vindicated, declared himself ready to speak. He therefore took the stand and desired the audience to put him questions. The questions came thick and fast, and were answered with great promptness and kindness by Mr. Smith. He charged them all with hypocrisy, and proved it upon them in their sustaining of the Slave Power. They asked questions in relation to John Brown; to Anderson, the Missouri fugitive; about the German emigrants; as to the effects of secession, etc., and were so happily answered by the speaker, that good nature pervaded the whole assembly. It is highly probable that in this hour of great quiet more information was obtained by those excited men than they ever before received upon the great question of the day.

Calls were made for FREDERICK DOUGLASS, and he promised to address them in the evening.

EVENING SESSION.

An evening session was held at 7½ o'clock.

G. W. PUTNAM spoke of the devotion of the Abolitionists to the true welfare of the country; of the importance of free speech to all the people; reminded the people that while the gallant Anderson was everywhere honored for his courageous defence of Fort Sumter, no less honor was due to the Mayor of Albany, who had, to-day, so bravely kept the more important fortress of free speech in the capital of the Empire State! He argued the great advantages arising from a dissolution of the Union to the people of the North. He described the magnificence and the vast natural resources of the non-slaveholding States, and showed the fallacy of the prediction of civil war existing in the free States on account of the question of slavery; arguing that the *requisite elements* of civil war do not and cannot exist in the free States, and that the dissolution of the Union would be the first dawn of true freedom in our land.

ERNESTINE L. ROSE followed. She avowed herself to be a Unionist (applause). "Stop," said she, "you may have applauded too soon. It is a Union where freedom is loved and honored that I love." She declared that upon the issue of this question of American slavery hang the hopes of European liberty. She then examined the circumstances of the slaveholders, demonstrated their helplessness, and showed, upon the well known principles of commerce, that they must sell their cotton or starve. She declared there never was a time so favorable to get rid of the curse of slavery as NOW.

Upon the question of secession, "I would not," said Mrs. R., "allow the South to withdraw. I would first drive her in and then kick her out! I would not have Commissioners sent to meet the South. It is too late! It is degradation! You cannot meet the pirates and robbers of the South without degradation! No compromise with the slaveholders is the true motto. Compromise now, and within five years you will have here a slave auction-block in front of your capitol." She adjured the people to maintain their rights and stoop no longer to do the dirty work of the Slave Power.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS took the floor and made a grand speech for freedom. He spoke of his gratitude to God when, years ago, he found Abolitionists giving utterance to the great truths of freedom. He then thought that the great mass of the people would at once espouse so righteous a cause. But he soon learned better. "I found," said he, "that the people were not actuated by Christian principles; yet if the people would look the matter fairly in the face—would let the Abolitionists lift off the hatchway of the slave system, and then look down into the pit of slavery and see its hell of horrors, men and women not utterly abandoned to feeling would not much differ as to the character of American slavery." But, said Mr. Douglass, I am going to speak to the occasion—I blush to my bones to think that here, at the very gates of the capitol, you must sit with your masters over you! that you cannot meet here without a Mayor and police to keep you in order! and this because you have thrown off all allegiance to law and to God, and are only the servants of the Slave Power, and therefore you follow the direction, "Servants, obey your masters." If the Union cannot be saved without compromise, without being cemented with the blood of four millions of slaves, then I welcome the bolt, whether from Heaven or hell, that shall sever the Union!

Mr. Douglass then reviewed, with great force, the growth of the Slave Power in this country, paid a just tribute to the memory of J. Q. Adams, and examined the present condition of affairs at the South. He was occasionally hissed and applauded. After speaking at some length, he was about closing, when the calls to him to "go on" were so universal that he continued. This took place several times before the close of his speech; for though he was very severe upon a large portion of his hearers, they seemed spell-bound by the splendid oratory of the speaker.

The meeting at Albany was a very important one from the fact that here, at last, outraged free speech found the protection of law, and mob-violence was trodden under foot.

G. W. P.

THE NORTH-WEST.

CLINTON, Iowa, Feb. 1861.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE custom of the agents of the American Anti-Slavery Society to report of their doings I suppose to be always "in order"; and, as a semi-official of that character, I submit a word, though slightly *under protest*, for the charge ever hangs over such reports of "blowing one's own trumpet."

Mr. Pillsbury has made us two brief *meteoric* visits—of course, gave us light and a report. But we need the constant sunlight of such lectures as his. Your Eastern cities *mob* the friends of freedom, but I hear of no demonstrations of that kind West, on any large scale, at least. Whether we are more *stupid* than our Eastern cousins, or have learned better lessons of liberty, let others say.

I have seen some full gatherings of late, and Republicans and Democrats have to hear of Disunion and "Unconditional Emancipation," and make no disturbance. Many a Republican (of the Old Liberty party day) I find sickening of Seward, and saying that Phillips's last review of him *is the true* view when the matter is narrowed down to its focus.

With a little effort, it is not difficult to pick up a subscriber here and there for THE STANDARD and *Liberator*, as I am most happy to demonstrate. Your anti-slavery publications are freely sold and given to *actual readers*, especially in the rural districts hereabouts; for though we may seem to be on the borders of anti-slavery civilization, and though it is too true, many of our people have read little of the American Anti-Slavery Society's efforts, yet it is also true that we are *willing* to hear and read. In our larger towns here, there is the same old indifference and opposition to the slave and his friends, and so commend me occasionally to the fresh soil of the rural school-district on which to cast the seeds of freedom—said seeds not seeming to root well on city pavement, thus far. Thirty years of anti-slavery effort in Boston ripens into *Tremont Temple mobs*—not very encouraging. Saviors of Republics have usually sprung from the soil, I trow; and while the city now and then gives us *one* Wendell Phillips, the country always has its score of Cromwells, Putnams and Theodore Parkers. Our aristocratic-born Sewards are capital hands to "save the Union" when there is no danger; but what can they do now? "Back down"—to the disgust of their own party. The man who saves the Republic now, in the true way—by the abolition of slavery—I suspect, is yet to be recognized, and may suddenly spring upon us from behind the plow about next Spring, and dash this hypocritical Union in pieces and gives us a "*free* Republic where, beneath the sway of mild and equal laws, framed by themselves, *one* people dwell and own no lord save God."

So let the Western farmer have your anti-slavery tracts for himself and son, and *daughter* too, for another *Joan of Arc* may yet be America's deliverer.

I suspect that our leading Republican journal, *The Chicago Tribune*, is not well pleased with Seward & Co., and so constantly warns us that the North is to be *sold* to the secessionists, or, at least, to the *border* men. *The Tribune* (of Chicago) as you know, is quite a *live* paper, and is encouraging the independence of the North-west as to *trade* with the South; gives us elaborate articles on raising flax cotton and Sorghum sugar, and we are *sure* that our deliverance from Southern cotton and molasses has fairly dawned upon us. It is now demonstrated that flax can be prepared for the factory as cheaply as cotton, within three cents per pound. If the superiority of the former does not make the manufacture of linen a paying business, improved machinery *will*, and so farewell to cotton, unless it can be raised North—of which there is some prospect, as the coming season may convince us.

While attending Mr. Pillsbury's Anti-Slavery Convention at Mendota, last fall, I dropped into a Sorghum manufactory, and listened to an anti-slavery lecture in the rattle of machinery which produced 250 gallons per day of most "golden" syrup. According to *The Tribune* (Chicago) this capital syrup can be made to yield "full 50 per cent. of good dry sugar, equal to the best brown sugar of commerce," and has been so practically proven by A. H. Miller, of Laporte, Ind., so attested by a messenger despatched to take notes of Mr. Miller's operations on the ground. The question is now settled that the syrup from Sorghum, well ripened and housed, can be cheaply *granulated*; and sugar refiners are ready to enlist in their branch of the business when a sufficient quantity can be obtained to work.

Yours, for Southern secession and Northern sugar.

G. B. CAMPBELL.

Our European Correspondence.

LETTERS FROM HARRIET MARTINEAU.... XLVII.

JANUARY 28th, 1861.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SIR: Those of us who have sympathized with the American Abolitionists for a quarter of a century past can hardly feel much surprise at the present state of affairs in your country; so, when you read in English journals of astonishment, amazement, consternation and the like, you may at once conclude that Abolitionists have nothing to do with those journals. Certainly it would be difficult to point out any revolution that has ever happened that has given more timely and ample notice of its approach. Or rather, its progress has been as gradual as any political event could well be; for I hold that the revolution has been going on for thirty years, and that the present disclosure is, in fact, of a way of return to constitutional government, after a long wandering in revolutionary ways. But people in Europe were unwilling to see, hear and believe; and those of us who have been showing for five and twenty years what was coming have been considered tiresome people of one idea. We *have* prepared some of our neighbors, however; for we now hear a good many of them expressing amazement—not at the American revolution, but at "the slap-bang ignorance of *The Times*." Only a week ago, *The Times* followed *The Economist* (generally a well-informed paper) in a view of the American Union so grossly incorrect as to call for a rebuke and a lesson from a wiser journal. This can hardly be in itself interesting to American readers; and I mention it only to show how little value is attached here to any speculations put forth, as at present, on the probable rise of a mighty Southern Confederation—a great slaveholding empire, and so forth. The South has been but too long and too disastrously misled by the ignorance of such journals; and it would be a pity if the North also were to take them at more than their worth. I was told, the other day, of the complaint of some Southern citizens now in London, that the English have heard only one side of the question, and have no idea of the goodness of the cause of the slaveholders. Yet your government has for many years sent ambassadors and their staff, who have certainly done all that they could on behalf of the South and its interests; and the influence of commercial men has been wholly on the pro-slavery side, whether they came from New Orleans or New York. The present course of *The Times* seems to show that its interests have not been all engaged on the anti-slavery side. The truth is, it is so wholly and continually wrong on American affairs—even though perpetually contradicting itself—that it really seems as if it had been purposely misled, whether in fun or earnest, by somebody who thinks the feat worth doing. Its great scheme of a Southern Confederation which should leave the free States "a mere trump" reads oddly after Mr. Sumner's speech of last summer, which should have extinguished such a nation at once; and now it appears that while somebody here is sketching out this plan of wealth and greatness, the people in those States are already hungry, beggared, and at the mercy of the mob spawned by the "peculiar institution"! If your wretched President had had a spark of spirit, or been capable of one moment's self-forgetfulness, the pride of the South would not have committed her so far; and the danger of an actual dissolution of society in the slave States might have been less urgent than it is now. It is incredible that those States can really make any stand; and they might have been spared *some* sin and sorrow if their country had acted fairly by them, and not misled them first, only to desert them afterwards. In the same way, the flatterers of the South on this side the water, after having puffed up her vanity, and excited expectations of sympathy, will be denouncing her folly presently, and mocking at her misery. They are, indeed, doing it already. I grieve at this, and am indignant, because it is a wicked course for journalism to take, and because I can see nothing before the slave States but a condition of chaos and hell. The mean whites seem to be more terrible to their neighbors than the slaves; and what can be done with such a barbaric class, pauperized by the wealth of their planter neighbors! Though some of us are anything but astonished at your revolution, there is one feature of it which does amaze us—the utter absence in the South of all sense of loyalty—of patriotism. While they talk of being chivalrous, they seem to have no ideal before their eyes, no instinct in their brain, no glow in their hearts, on behalf of country or nation. There is no sign of any attachment to the Union—of any sense of brotherhood with the citizens at large—of any national idea or sentiment whatever. All is mean, selfish pursuit of exclusive power and pelf. Instead of the self-sacrifice and modest patience of the real chivalric temper, we see a course of behavior befitting only a society of monkeys in a wood—noisy, quarrelsome, rapacious, and far below the level of the generous ideas which create the sentiment of nationality. This want of loyalty and lust of quarrel is perhaps the greatest surprise to the people of England and France; and it is very shocking, because it is impossible to see what can be done with a society in so low a moral condition. I trust that the English will see now very plainly that it was this spirit, dominant at Washington, which has made our relations with your country so difficult of late years; and that your countrymen have not been generally guilty of the temper and manners which have required so much forbearance from their allies. Whichever way this struggle terminates, your nation and mine may hope to be better friends henceforth than hitherto, acting cordially together against the slave trade and in other ways, and spending our time and energies in better ways than in picking quarrels on the one side, and fencing off provocations on the other.

It seems to me very important that, for the sake of other causes besides the special one which is uppermost with us all, your western citizens should now apply themselves to flax growing, without any delay. Mr. Pillsbury's letter from the prairies is to us a very important one. If so much flax is actually grown already, and so much more may be grown, this materially changes the aspect of the cotton question. For several years we have earnestly desired more flax, and are hoping to get it from India. If we can have it from your prairies, a great trade will certainly spring up; and all the greater if it be immediate; always supposing that American flax can come in on the same terms as Belgian or other foreign flax. I say "the greater if soon" because our Lancashire capitalists are really alarmed now about cotton supply, and are coming forward to urge on the experiment of colonial production of cotton. I have no doubt your STANDARD is right in saying that we can, in five years' time, get what we want elsewhere than in your slave States; but the interval is a very serious consideration. We are talking of a partial substitution of wool and flax; and any definite prospect of a large supply of the latter from your western States, when the Southern are ceasing to yield us cotton, would be acceptable on every ground. Some people tell us that the fibre and the seed can both be obtained, by good management, from the same crop; but if it is not so, surely the fibre is of more consequence than the oil just now; and the latter may be soon and easily supplied by an extension of the same crop, or the introduction of several others which are found in Europe to answer equally well. I mean that oils are more various and more easily produced by far than fibre for manufacturing purposes. We shall do very well in time, whatever may become of American cotton. We thought Russian hemp indispensable till the last war taught us to use Indian jute for many purposes; and now we import large quantities of jute, for its own merits. It will be just so about cotton. We shall be using as much cotton as ever, some day, and also a vast deal of flax and wool, and such other fibres as may remain to be disclosed. Meantime, we have to take care of four or five millions of our population who live by the cotton manufacture. They could easily turn to flax-spinning and linen-weaving; and it would be a new bond between our two countries if you could send us the raw material from one part of your country, when the staple of another part is no longer procurable.

You are not so engrossed with your own public affairs as to be indifferent to the fate of Anderson in Canada. I think we may be quite easy about him. Not only is there so strong a feeling against delivering him up that diplomacy would intervene to save him; and if diplomacy failed, we should for once break through obligations which we ought not to have entered into; but, better than either, we here believe the right to be altogether in Anderson's favor. Legal opinions of high value are in opposition to those of the two Canadian judges, and would correct the third. You will soon see what the two principal points are; and I have no space for the subject to-day. I think you may feel secure that the man is safe.

After all one may say of not being astonished at your revolution, it *is* a new and wonderful thought what the position of the Abolitionists is now. The stage of protest and denunciation, and, as our enemies would say, wrangling, is passed through, and a new phase and a new duty opened! Your views and principles will be undisputed and practically recognized now, and your function is that of guiding good action, instead of obstructing bad. It is an immense advance! You are now reaping the reward of your abstention from political connection and action. Society has come over to you now; and there is none of the distrust that there must be in all cases of implication with political party in a republic like yours. If your friends here may say so—we do hope you are, as a body, sensible of the lightness and the practical obligations of your position. The day of strife is, we trust, nearly over. You are in advance of the rest of your world in a sense and knowledge of what should be aimed at and done; and you may now fairly leave the slow and worldly to the influences of the time, and gayly, and amiably, and generously lead on public sentiment to the height which you have long attained. I am glad to have lived to see you so placed; and if concern and fear for the doomed slave States mingle with the rejoicing, you will not be offended.

European politics must stand over till next time. Only this: we are in expectation of grave news from Russia. The sickly, worn out Empress Dowager used to say she must live as long as possible to keep the peace among her children. Upon her death, their strifes have broken out very fiercely, and the subject of quarrel is whether there shall be reforms or not, and especially about the serfs. It is understood that the Emperor is for freeing the serfs; but that he has taken none of the means with the bureaucracy. We must soon know more; and meantime, we are given to understand that the condition of affairs is in the last degree critical.

H. M.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 18, 1861.

THERE is little in the current business of Congress which looks like disunion. There is just as violent a struggle every day in each House over some casual private bill as there was before the seceding members left, or secession was unheard of; and over the Appropriation bill the members fight and quibble and argue, precisely as if the old Union were as strong and solid as ever. It is a customary thing for private bills to be presented for the benefit of persons residing in the seceded States, and you will hear Wigfall or Mason and Hunter argue for hours upon an amendment to some general bill—while they claim that they are soon to be enemies, or at least strangers to the United States government! On the Tariff bill, while it was pending in the Senate, some of the secession Senators opposed it as violently as if it were going to ruin them personally. Why so, if they and their States are soon to be in the Southern Confederacy?

This question brings me naturally to the consideration of a topic which leads in all circles here—the prospect for the preservation of the Union. You are aware that the Republicans take heart by the recent elections in the border slave States and imagine that there is now a pretty fair prospect that the Union will be preserved. I very much doubt if the sequel will prove their hopes to rest on a sound basis. The present prospect certainly does not favor the perpetuation of the old Union, but rather its complete destruction. Almost everything depends upon the course of Virginia. Now, it is well known that two-thirds of the delegates to the Constitutional Convention, now sitting at Richmond, are in favor of secession *unless they can succeed in gaining great concessions for slavery from this Congress*, and ultimately from the free States. No sane man can doubt this. *The Evening Star* of this city is the most earnest and wide-awake of all the Union papers on slave soil. It has labored in and out of season against every kind of secessionism. Its editor owns a plantation and slaves in Virginia, and knows exceedingly well the temper of the Union men of his State. Hear what he says:

"The radical wing of the Republican party in the body (the Commissioners' Convention), as in Congress, are bent on trying the dangerous experiment of poohpoohing the troubles of the times, and relying upon the next Congress to appropriate the means of maintaining the authority of the United States over the seceded States, and upon the people of the border slaveholding States to aid in upholding that authority under circumstances in which they will find their institution of slavery liable to be disposed of by a Northern majority of two-thirds or three-fouths of the States, in accordance with the terms of the Constitution: seven or eight extreme Southern States having withdrawn from the Union.

"Now, they may not reasonably rely upon either. If the Peace Congress fail to initiate satisfactory terms of settlement, the party which is now assuming to be the regulators of the policy of the incoming Administration, the coercionists, will find themselves utterly unable to control the next Congress; and ere that can meet in called session, the border slaveholding States will be in convention by themselves devising means for the protection of their rights *out of the Union*.

* * * * * * * * *

"We have done our best, as all know, to resist the current of secession, and still believe that under almost any circumstances it will be best for the border slaveholding States to remain in the Union. But it is our duty to state frankly that there is no more prospect that the incoming Administration will find them under its government six months hence, with the Gulf States gone and Sumnerism and Wadeism the policy controling its councils, than that they will be under the government of the man in the moon. Our private advices from Richmond assure us that the Virginia Convention will cordially accept any reasonable settlement of the questions in issue by the Peace Congress—not tying themselves down to the Crittenden platform; but that if the upshot of the action of the Peace Congress, be, simply, to leave the remaining slaveholding States to look to the radical wing of the Republican party hereafter to conserve their rights in the Union, with half the slaveholding power of self-protection in the government gone off, those in the Convention who think with us upon the issues of the times, will go to the wall in twenty-four hours after it is known that such is the result of the action of the Peace Congress."

Any expectation that this Congress will pass a compromise—thank God!—is doomed to disappointment. The border slave States will be disappointed, and, unless I greatly mistake, will, one after the other, go out, leaving the free States alone.

Now, it seems to me the Republicans, or some of them, are building up a policy for the future *upon their hopes*. The talk of *relaking forts*, and of making war upon the Southern Confederacy is foolish—it is at least premature. If disunion must come, why not accept the fact? Let it come! I would by no means have this government abase itself. Let it hold on to the forts yet in its possession, and in its own chosen time let the rebels go, clinging to the Territory, retaining command of the Gulf of Mexico and the Mississippi River, and then giving up the Southern Custom Houses in case the slave States are united in their demand for independence.

If the new Administration were to take this ground it would speedily squelch that miserable, sneaking treason which lurks among the so-called "Democracy" of the free States, and in the end the grand Southern Confederacy would sue for readmission into the old Confederacy *on our own terms*. It might take twenty-five years for the rebels to try their experiment sufficiently to satisfy them, but depend upon it there could be but one result.

There really is not good ground for believing that "the Union is saved," and any attempt by Mr. Lincoln to *retake* the stolen forts will prove it. The border slave States will instantly be aflame, and will speedily join their more reckless comrades. This would be the case, precisely the same, if a "compromise" were agreed to, for the frontier slave States will not consent to what they call "coercion." This, of course, shows the utter folly, aside from the moral character of the act, of making concessions to the rebels.

Should Mr. Lincoln with caution defend the forts still in the possession of the United States, withdraw postal facilities, and declare the rebellious seaboard cities no longer ports of entry, *and wait for the slave Confederacy to open the war*, very likely he may divide the people of the border slave States in such a manner as to save the most of them or all to the present Union. Certain it is that Tennessee, Kentucky and Maryland would stand by this government so long as it was defending itself against an attack, and the fact that the war was begun by the slaveholders of the cotton Republic would decide the question of their allegiance. They would stand by *this* government, and not by the one down at Montgomery. This is speculation, I admit, but it is founded on some facts not known to all.

There is now no chance of getting any compromise measure through this Congress, as I have remarked above, at all satisfactory to the South. It would not be surprising if even the Convention of Commissioners was unable to agree. If it does, it will make no difference, for Congress is not going to give any sort of protection to slavery south of the line of 36 deg. 30 min. *The thing is impossible.*

It is thought that Congress will pass a Force bill the present week, to enable President Lincoln to collect the duties on board a man-of-war at a rebellious port, though it is not fully known how Douglas, Bigler, and other Northern Democrats, will vote on the bill in the Senate. Three or four bills of a similar character will be passed through Congress this week, if possible, to enable the new Administration to meet some of the worst of the difficulties which the great slaveholders' rebellion has thrown upon the government. They cannot any of them pass the Senate without the aid of at least one Democrat, for the Texas Senators still cling to their seats. Mr. Lincoln's Indianapolis speech has somewhat alarmed Northern Democrats, and the better class of them may refuse to give any support to what are called "coercion-bills." If they do, the people they represent will be very likely to call them to an account ere long.

Mr. Lincoln's speeches are all the talk here. Some are pleased—others displeased. It seems to me they show him to be a plain, blunt, *honest* man. If he is, God protect him *here*. Cabinet-making will have to be hurried up next week. He arrives here Saturday next, I hear, and will be the guest of Mr. Seward.* During that week five places in the Cabinet will have to be decided upon. Great curiosity is felt to hear who his Southern appointees will be, for he is determined on having two more men from slave States in his Council-chamber, if possible. The new Administration would be in a delightful condition with some of its Cabinet members from seceded States. But Mr. Lincoln will be sure to avoid the imbecility and wickedness of Buchanan—he will allow no traitors in *his* Cabinet.

AVON.

* This is contradicted.—*Editor.*

New Publications.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A SLAVE GIRL. Written by Herself. Edited by L. MARIA CHILD. Boston: Published for the Author. Pp. 305. [Sold at the Anti-Slavery Office, 5 Beekman St., New York.]

We have read this narrative of slave life with intense interest, and might say much to commend it to our readers; but we choose to let the author and the editor speak in its behalf:

PREFACE BY THE AUTHOR.

Reader, be assured this narrative is no fiction. I am aware that some of my adventures may seem incredible; but they are, nevertheless, strictly true. I have not exaggerated the wrongs inflicted by slavery; on the contrary, my descriptions fall far short of the facts. I have concealed the names of places, and given persons fictitious names. I had no motive for secrecy on my own account, but I deemed it kind and considerate towards others to pursue this course.

I wish I were more competent to the task I have undertaken. But I trust my readers will excuse deficiencies in consideration of circumstances. I was born and reared in slavery; and I remained in a slave State twenty-seven years. Since I have been at the North, it has been necessary for me to work diligently for my own support, and the education of my children. This has not left me much leisure to make up for the loss of early opportunities to improve myself; and it has compelled me to write these pages at irregular intervals, whenever I could snatch an hour from household duties.

When I first arrived in Philadelphia, Bishop Paine advised me to publish a sketch of my life, but I told him I was altogether incompetent to such an undertaking. Though I have improved my mind somewhat since that time, I still remain of the same opinion; but I trust my motives will excuse what might otherwise seem presumptuous. I have not written my experiences in order to attract attention to myself; on the contrary, it would have been more pleasant to me to have been silent about my own history. Neither do I care to excite sympathy for my own sufferings. But I do earnestly desire to arouse the women of the North to a realizing sense of the condition of two millions of women at the South, still in bondage, suffering what I suffered, and most of them far worse. I want to add my testimony to that of abler pens to convince the people of the free States what slavery really is. Only by experience can any one realize how deep, and dark, and foul is that pit of abominations. May the blessing of God rest on this imperfect effort in behalf of my persecuted people!

LINDA BRENT.

INTRODUCTION BY THE EDITOR.

The author of the following autobiography is personally known to me, and her conversation and manners inspire me with confidence. During the last seventeen years, she has lived the greater part of her time with a distinguished family in New York, and has so deported herself as to be highly esteemed by them. This fact is sufficient, without further credentials of her character. I believe those who know her will not be disposed to doubt her veracity, though some incidents in her story are more romantic than fiction.

At her request, I have revised her manuscript; but such changes as I have made have been mainly for purposes of condensation and orderly arrangement. I have not added any thing to the incidents, or changed the import of her very pertinent remarks. With trifling exceptions, both the ideas and the language are her own. I pruned excrescences a little, but otherwise I had no reason for changing her lively and dramatic way of telling her own story. The names of both persons and places are known to me; but for good reasons I suppress them.

It will naturally excite surprise that a woman reared in slavery should be able to write so well. But circumstances will explain this. In the first place, nature endowed her with quick perceptions. Secondly, the mistress, with whom she lived till she was twelve years old, was a kind, considerate friend, who taught her to read and spell. Thirdly, she was placed in favorable circumstances after she came to the North; having frequent intercourse with intelligent persons, who felt a friendly interest in her welfare, and were disposed to give her opportunities for self-improvement.

I am well aware that many will accuse me of indecorum for presenting these pages to the public; for the experiences of this intelligent and much-injured woman belong to a class which some call delicate subjects, and others indelicate. This peculiar phase of slavery has generally been kept veiled; but the public ought to be made acquainted with its monstrous features, and I willingly take the responsibility of presenting them with the veil withdrawn. I do this for the sake of my sisters in bondage, who are suffering wrongs so foul, that our ears are too delicate to listen to them. I do it with the hope of arousing conscientious and reflecting women at the North to a sense of their duty in the exertion of moral influence on the question of slavery, on all possible occasions. I do it with the hope that every man who reads this narrative will swear solemnly before God that, so far as he has power to prevent it, no fugitive from slavery shall ever be sent back to suffer in that loathsome den of corruption and cruelty.

L. MARIA CHILD.

Turning to the end of the book, we find the following testimonial from one whose name is familiar to Abolitionists as the sononym of truthfulness and integrity, and who has had ample opportunity to form a judgment of the author's character.

LETTER FROM AMY POST.

The author of this book is my highly esteemed friend. If its readers knew her as I know her, they could not fail to be deeply interested in her story. She was a beloved inmate of our family nearly the whole of the year 1849. She was introduced to us by her affectionate and conscientious brother, who had previously related to us some of the almost incredible events in his sister's life. I immediately became much interested in Linda; for her appearance was prepossessing, and her deportment indicated remarkable delicacy of feeling and purity of thought.

As we became acquainted, she related to me, from time to time, some of the incidents in her bitter experiences as a slave-woman. Though impelled by a natural craving for human sympathy, she passed through a baptism of suffering, even in recounting her trials to me, in private confidential conversations. The burden of these memories lay heavily upon her spirit—naturally virtuous and refined. I repeatedly urged her to consent to the publication of her narrative; for I felt that it would arouse people to a more earnest work for the disinthralment of millions still remaining in that soul-crushing condition, which was so unendurable to her. But her sensitive spirit shrank from publicity. She said, "You know a woman can whisper her cruel wrongs in the ear of a dear friend much easier than she can record them for the world to read." Even in talking with me, she wept so much, and seemed to suffer such mental agony, that I felt her story was too sacred to be drawn from her by inquisitive questions, and I left her free to tell as much, or as little, as she chose. Still I urged upon her the duty of publishing her experience, for the sake of the good it might do; and, at last, she undertook the task.

Having been a slave so large a portion of her life, she is unlearned; she is obliged to earn her living by her own labor, and she has worked untiringly to procure education for her children; several times she has been obliged to leave her employments, in order to fly from the man-hunters and woman-hunters of our land; but she pressed through all these obstacles and overcame them. After the labors of the day were over, she traced secretly and wearily, by the midnight lamp, a truthful record of her eventful life.

This Empire State is a shabby place of refuge for the oppressed; but here, through anxiety, turmoil and despair, the freedom of Linda and her children was finally secured, by the exertions of a generous friend. She was grateful for the boon; but the idea of having been *bought* was always galling to a spirit that could never acknowledge itself to be a chattel. She wrote to us thus, soon after the event: "I thank you for your kind expressions in regard to my freedom; but the freedom I had before the money was paid was dearer to me. God gave me *that* freedom; but man put God's image in the scales with the paltry sum of three hundred dollars. I served for my liberty as faithfully as Jacob served for Rachel. At the end, he had large possessions; but I was robbed of my victory; I was obliged to resign my crown, to rid myself of a tyrant."

Her story, as written by herself, cannot fail to interest the reader. It is a sad illustration of the condition of this country, which boasts of its civilization, while it sanctions laws and customs which make the experiences of the present more strange than any fictions of the past.

AMY POST.

Rochester, N. Y., Oct. 30, 1859.

The following testimonial is from a man who is now a highly respectable colored citizen of Boston:

"This narrative contains some incidents so extraordinary, that, doubtless, many persons, under whose eyes it may chance to fall, will be ready to believe that it is colored highly, to serve a special purpose. But, however it may be regarded by the incredulous, I know that it is full of living truths. I have been well acquainted with the author from my boyhood. The circumstances recounted in her history are perfectly familiar to me. I knew of her treatment from her master; of the imprisonment of her children; of their sale and redemption; of her seven years' concealment; and of her subsequent escape to the North. I am now a resident of Boston, and am a living witness to the truth of this interesting narrative.

GEORGE W. LOWTHER."

We only add the assurance that the book will not disappoint the expectations which these testimonials are so well adapted to excite. It casts a strong light upon the system of slavery, revealing features too often obscured by a mistaken delicacy. If this narrative of the terrible experiences of a noble woman in slavery could be read at every fireside in the free States, it would kindle such a feeling of moral indignation against the system and its guilty abettors, and such a determination to resist and exterminate it by every legitimate and rightful means, as would put an end, at once and forever, to all those projects of compromise by which politicians are now endeavoring to "reconstruct" the broken Union between the North and the South.

GENUINE *versus* SPURIOUS REPUBLICANISM.—The firmness and fearlessness of *The Tribune*, in resisting the efforts of unprincipled Republican leaders to demoralize the party by new concessions to the Slave Power, have called forth from its contemporaries and correspondents many expressions of gratitude

Miscellaneous Department.

THE CRISIS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THE day is breaking in the East of which the prophets told;
Now brightens up the sky of Time the Christian age of Gold;
Old Might to Right is yielding, battle blade to clerkly pen,
Earth's monarchs are her People, and her Serfs stand up as Men;
The isles rejoice together, in a day are Nations born,
And the Slave walks free in Tunis and by Stamboul's Golden Horn!

Is this, oh countrymen of mine! a day for us to sow
The soil of new-gained empire with Slavery's seeds of woe?
To feed with our fresh life-blood the Old World's cast off crime,
Dropped, like some monstrous early birth, from the tired lap of Time?
To run anew the evil race the old lost nations ran,
And die, like them, of unbelief of God and wrong of man?

Great Heavens! is this our mission? Ends in this the prayers and tears,
The toil, the strife, the watchings of our younger, better years?
Still, as the Old World rolls in light, shall ours in shadow turn,
A beamless Chaos, cursed of God, through outer darkness borne?
Where the far nations looked for light, a blackness in the air!
Where for the words of hope they listened, the long wail of despair!

The Crisis presses on us: face to face with us it stands,
With solemn lips of question, like the sphinx in Egypt's sands!
This day we fashion Destiny, our web of fate we spin;
This day for all hereafter choose we holiness or sin;
Even now from starry Gerizim, or Ebal's cloudy crown,
We call the dews of blessing or the bolts of cursing down!

By all for which the Martyrs bore their agony and shame;
By all the warning words of truth with which the prophets came;
By the Future which awaits us; by all the hopes which cast
Their faint and trembling beams across the blackness of the Past;
And in the awful name of Him who for Earth's freedom died:
Oh, ye People! oh, my Brothers! let us choose the righteous side!

So shall the Northern pioneer go joyful on his way,
To wed Penobscot's waters to San Francisco's bay;
To make the rugged places smooth, and sow the vales with grain,
And bear with Liberty and Law, the Bible in his train;
The mighty West shall bless the East, and sea shall answer sea,
And mountain unto mountain call: PRAISE GOD, FOR WE ARE FREE!

THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.

To the Editors of The Evening Post:

THE last time I saw you, you expressed some desire to become acquainted with the secret history of the slave trade, as it is carried on between the coast of Africa and the island of Cuba in American ships. I will endeavor to satisfy your curiosity.

An organized company exists in the city of Havana, with a capital of $1,000,000, whose sole business it is to import negroes into the island of Cuba. Nine-tenths of the slaves imported are brought in vessels owned by this company, at the head of which is a Spaniard well known in that city—a large merchant—who conducts all its affairs. His manner of proceeding is this: He writes to his correspondent in New York to purchase a vessel and procure a master. This correspondent is probably Mr. ——, a naturalized citizen of the United States, who places the business in the hands of Mr. ——, a "facile" ship broker. This last gentleman obtains the vessel—not too large or too expensive, in order to divide the risk of capture among several with the same amount of capital employed! And, with as little difficulty, he procures a captain; indeed, so well established is this business, and so well understood, that even the United States Marshals might see, if it were not unfortunately true that there are those so "blind that they will not see."

The ship bought for cash, the ownership is sworn to, in order to get a register, by this naturalized citizen and his captain. The next thing is to load and clear her from the Custom House. Not many months ago this was an easy matter. The American bark Wildfire, since captured with 500 negroes on board, was loaded in broad daylight with a regular slave cargo, at a pier on the East river, and, to the astonishment of all the longshoremen in that vicinity, went to sea in tow of a steam-tug direct for Africa. Everybody knew it, except the United States Marshal. A person told me, who I know is well versed in these matters, that for these little "sins of omission" some convenient friend of the above-mentioned officer was in the habit of receiving a check, payable to bearer, for $1,000.

In this way some seventy vessels are said to have sailed from the port of New York after cargoes of slaves, since 1st January, 1860. But latterly, owing to a pressure of public opinion, and, it is to be hoped, also, somewhat to the stings of a guilty conscience, these United States officials have been rather more rigid in their scrutiny of suspected vessels, and, consequently, the manner of procedure has been changed.

CLEARANCE OF SLAVERS AT HAVANA.

The vessel now takes a legal cargo to Havana, and, opportunely for the prosperity of this traffic, a recent decision of Mr. Attorney-General Black, at the suggestion, I believe, of the American Consul at Havana, relieves the latter gentleman, after the arrival of the vessel in that port, of all responsibility in reference to the legality of her future course.

The Attorny-General has decided that the clearance of any American vessel from the Custom House is *prima facie* evidence of the legality of the voyage, and, consequently, the consul need take no further steps than the ordinary one of exacting an oath from the captain that he is bound on a legal voyage and with a cargo in accordance with his clearance. To those acquainted with the government officials in Havana, their sympathy with this trade and their natural affinity to bribery and corruption, it need not be told how easily such a clearance can be obtained (a captain informed me that his clearance cost him six ounces—102 dollars).

But this decision of Mr. Black, and this action of our consul—while it may be consistent with their sympathies, and may also relieve them of direct responsibility—has not, at least as yet, had the effect of diminishing the traffic under the national flag; on the contrary, it has increased, and is increasing every day. Our consul at Havana informed me that within the last twenty days he had passed through his office the clearance of eight American vessels which he *knew* were going after negroes.

PREPARING FOR A VOYAGE.

The ship having been purchased in New York, arrived in Havana and discharged her cargo, now proceeds to fulfil the real object of her owner. In the first place she takes in a new cargo, which consists of articles used in the purchase of the slaves and their subsistence on the homeward trip, viz.: barrels of bread, tierces of rice, puncheons of rum, beans, jerked beef, tobacco, vinegar, powder, etc., together with lumber for the slave decks. (Specie is seldom sent out.) Next, the crew is shipped, consisting usually of men of every nation; these men agree to go the voyage upon terms that are well understood—so much advance (say 50 dollars), and one and a half dollars per man for every negro landed in Cuba.

In addition to the captain, mate and second mate, there comes on board a sallow-faced, gloomy Spaniard, who is generally Don Jose, or Don Somebodyelse, whose frequent voyages to "the Coast" are written in every line of his face. He is the "*sobrecargo*," the great factotum and transacter of all the business of the ship, and in case of need—as when boarded by an American man-of-war—he hoists the Spanish flag and is the Spanish captain.

After this important character comes another man, called the "*contra maestro*," or boatswain. He is the "nigger driver," the brute who manages and beats into submission the human cargo on its homeward trip; none but a Spaniard could look or be so cruel as he is. The ship's cargo and crew are now complete, and having "cleared" from the Custom House and the American consulate, she sails out of port some bright morning with the American flag, that beautiful emblem of liberty to the oppressed, flaunting in the breeze, and speeds on a mission the horrors and cruelties of which my pen cannot describe.

The outward voyage will occupy about forty-five days. How this is employed by the captain and his incongruous crew I am unprepared to say; perhaps in mutual speculations on their probable gains, and guesses as to how many "damn niggers" will die before they land in Cuba, each one being worth to the meanest and vilest of this crew one dollar and a half.

AT THE CONGO.

But, arrived in the river Congo, you perhaps imagine the dark night, the thick jungle and the stealthy tread of the man-stealer as the necessary adjuncts of this traffic. Quite the reverse, sir; the ship sails unmolested some thirty miles up the river, and with all the bustle of a new arrival, hauls into a pier opposite the "factory" and warehouse belonging to the Havana Company, which I before mentioned.

The resident agent comes on board, and warmly welcomes his old friend the "*sobrecargo*," and after being introduced and taking "a drink" with the captain, they adjourn on shore to a comfortable dinner, where, over their wine, they discuss the price of rum and the price of niggers.

In the meanwhile, on this wharf there assembles the most promiscuous crowd of men that perhaps you ever saw, the result of captures by men-of-war on the coast, and landed at convenient points, in order that they may be again taken with full cargoes, and thus over and over again put prize money in the pockets of her Britannic Majesty's naval officers. These men are the outcasts of all civilization—desperadoes, murderers, pirates—Chinese, Portuguese, native Africans, English, Dutch, devils! As our ship left Havana with a small crew, to save appearances, a fit addition is made to it from these "experts" in the abominable trade.

The next day, perhaps, a man-of-war steams up the river—for she has a coal depôt opposite this very warehouse—and our captain receives a visit from her, cheerfully shows his regular manifest and clearance, certified by the American consul at Havana, and hoists his American flag, and sends back to the steamer a box of very good Havana cigars and a case of good brandy. Then the steamer sails away—perhaps to watch him at sea—for there is no prize money of any account in a vessel unless the negroes are on board!

Now, however, our captain has work before him, and he loses no time. (It is this pluck and energy in all climates which makes the Yankee shipmaster so valuable in this trade.)

He begins at once to discharge his cargo into the warehouse, and to receive from there empty casks, which were puncheons of rum brought by the preceding vessel of the company. These he places in the hold, to be filled with water from the river, and beside them he stows his barrels of provisions, and over all he lays his "slave deck" upon temporary beams—the lumber for which he brought from Havana with him.

His water full, his provisions are stowed and his extra cooking-stove on board from the warehouse, he reports himself ready for sea and the "*sobrecargo*" informs him that he has had a chance to select a fine lot of seven hundred and fifty out of a thousand waiting for shipment, at a cost, in bad rum, of fifty dollars a head! Oh, this boasted Christian, civilized nineteenth century, which permits such a double-edged iniquity, the exchange of bad rum to ignorant barbarians for the blood and sweat of their own kith and kin!

SHIPPING THE NEGROES.

The agent now sends out his spies to report the mouth of the river all clear from cruisers, and with the first fair wind and ever-favoring current, the slaves are driven on board, naked as the day they were born, in one promiscuous huddle of men, women and children. The lines are cast off, and, without a word of farewell, these sons and daughters of Africa are carried away from their native soil, never, *under any circumstances*, to see it again—never to reunite the ties that day so rudely severed—to suffer the horrors of the "middle passage," during which at least one-third of them *must* die, and the remainder finally doomed to a bondage compared to which death is a blessing.

All this is done under the American flag, which, in the touching pathos of our national poetry, only "waves o'er the free."

A DAY ON BOARD A SLAVER.

We will now imagine our ship clear of the coast, and with a fair wind. A description of life on board for one day will answer for the voyage, usually about thirty-five days in length.

Our ship is one hundred feet long and thirty wide, and on her deck and under her deck, and on her cabin and in her cabin, are stowed seven hundred and fifty human beings, so cramped and crowded that they can scarcely sit down when standing or stand up when sitting.

Early in the morning the crew lead a hose from the pump, and without regard to sex or condition, give each one a thorough bath, and then proceed to wash from the decks the accumulated filth and excrement of the previous day and night. Each negro then is compelled to wash out his mouth with vinegar—this is done to prevent scurvy. Now comes the morning meal, which consists of a pint of water and a quantity of boiled rice and beans. After breakfast the doctor makes his rounds, pitches overboard the dead and the dying, and administers medicine to such as are not beyond the hope of recovery. The principal diseases with which they have to contend are dysentery and ophthalmia, both of which are generally fatal, and both owing to confined space and foul atmosphere.

During the day the "*contra maestro*" goes about among them with his whip; cows down the boldest and silences the noisiest with his merciless lash, and sometimes selects the weakest, takes them to the least crowded space and makes them dance to the tune of his cowhide—to restore circulation!

Dinner consists of the same, with the occasional addition of scraps of jerked beef. There is no change from this food during the voyage; at times, when the negroes appear despondent or weak, they are given a little rum. At night they are compelled to lie down, "spoon fashion" (as a housekeeper places her spoons in a basket); a canvass covering is hauled over them, and it is impossible for them to change their position until the following morning.

But we will pass over all of the sickening details of a lengthened voyage, the excitement of a chase (when the negroes are frequently suffocated under the hatches), the frequent scantiness of water and provisions, with the consequent frightful mortality among the cargo and crew—often the "wages of sin is death"—and the thousand and one barbarous incidents which, merely to read of, must awaken the liveliest feelings of our nature, but to witness and participate in must eventually harden and degrade a man until he becomes more brutal than a beast.

ARRIVAL AT CUBA.

We will now suppose our ship safely arrived at the "Key St. Philip"—this is one of many of the secluded rendezvous abounding on the coast of Cuba. The captain drops his anchor, hoists his private signal, and the launches, which have been waiting since a certain fixed day, come off, and with them a Custom House officer, probably sent by the governor of the district. The negroes are landed and sent off at once to some place where they are exercised, washed and fattened for the market. The company's agent pays off the crew, giving to each man his *pro rata*.

The ship's anchor is raised, sail is made, holes are bored in the bottom, and the old craft, foul with crime and full of all uncleanliness, is started forth upon the sea to surely sink, and thus obliterate from the records all evidence of the guilt in which she has been an innocent participator.

PROFITS OF THE VOYAGE.

The captain goes to Havana with one-half of his ship's register and a false bill of sale, which he forwards to the New York Custom House according to law, and, in the meanwhile, presents himself to his principal with the following balance sheet:

Dr.		
To first cost of ship	$7,000	
Advance wages	1,050	
Captain's wages and venture	10,000	
Supercargo and boatswain	5,000	
Cost of negroes at $50, (750)	37,500	
Crew, $750 per man	7,500	
Bribes, etc	100,000	
		$168,500
Cr.		
500 negroes at $800 a head		$400,000
Net profit		$231,500

Net profit, two hundred and thirty-one thousand five hundred dollars! and so ends the voyage. But at another time, and in another place, another balance will be struck, and it would have been better then for this captain and his owner that a millstone had been hanged about their necks, and they had been buried in the depth of the sea, than to have reaped the wages of this damnable sin, which is eternal death.

AMERICAN VESSELS IN THE TRADE.

However humiliating may be the confession, the fact nevertheless is beyond question that nine-tenths of the vessels engaged in the slave trade are American. There are two reasons for this. The first is the vicinity of a good market for the purchase of cheap vessels, the facility with which they can be cleared for the coast, and the equal facility with which they can escape conviction if caught, owing probably to an ill-concealed sympathy for the institution of slavery, which seems to extend from the head of our present government to every subordinate officer. But the main reason why American vessels are employed is the immunity which our national flag gives to the combined rascality of Christendom.

The diplomatic dogma that the flag "covers the vessel" is inconsistent with the spirit of the present day. It is no longer required as a protection for American seamen against foreign pressgangs; it nullifies the intention of naval forces in time of peace as an international police of the ocean; and if it is the joint duty of the United States, with the rest of the civilized world, to put an effectual stop to the slave trade, it must be abandoned.

SUPPRESSION OF THE TRADE.

The presence of large naval forces on the coast of Africa has been, comparatively, of but little use in the suppression of the slave trade. The extended line of coast (over 2,000 miles), and the demoralizing tendency of giving prize money for that which ought to be, simply, an act of duty and humanity, have hitherto rather had the effect of increasing the audacity of the trader, for he knows pretty well when and where to expect the cruiser, whose visits can at best be but periodical, and he knows equally well that, if empty, he is not likely to be touched—it is the full cargo the cruiser wants; so he seizes his opportunity, *after a visit*, and in a few hours has on board his slaves and is far away from the point of danger. The captures on the coast of Africa are the exception, the general rule is to go and come unmolested. One half of this force, forming a cordon around the island of Cuba, would so effectually blockade it as to render a landing *impossible*. For this purpose the United States ought so to modify their foreign policy as to consent to a joint action with other naval powers, and permit these powers to "visit and search" all vessels, without regard to nationality, found in these waters under suspicious circumstances. The natural sensitiveness of the American, who claims for his flag unquestioned exclusiveness from foreign interference, ought surely to be somewhat modified when he remembers that such interference is infinitely less disgraceful than the fact that this flag, consecrated in all of his associations to "human freedom," is, and will be, unless this plan is adopted, made to cover the foulest and vilest crime which, in these times, any man can commit.

COMPLICITY OF FEDERAL OFFICERS.

The appointment of United States consuls and their subordinates to the island of Cuba ought to be of men whose proclivities are rather against than for slavery. Hitherto this has not been the case; and although I would willingly give these gentlemen credit for the *intention* of doing their duty, yet frequently I have no doubt that their secret sympathy with the crime has caused them to be lenient with the criminal. I know of a recent case where an officer sent a crew captured from an American slaver to the United States in a man-of-war as "distressed seamen," in order that they might escape a punishment most righteously due them in the "chain-gang" of Havana. American vessels bound from Havana or any of the ports of Cuba to the coast of Africa are justly liable to grave suspicion, and should be dealt with accordingly by these officers, as the island of Cuba has no trade with Africa unless directly or indirectly connected with the slave trade; and yet these vessels have been permitted to clear from Havana for that coast without let or hindrance.

FOR THE ANTI SLAVERY STANDARD.

PHOSPHORESCENCE.

FAIR to the unaccustomed sight
Is often many an evil thing,
Woudrous and bright
With strange, unearthly glittering.

As when of old the fairy elves,
Wrinkled and foul to mortal sight,
Transformed themselves
To beings beautiful as bright,

So evil, to our glamoured sense,
Oft bears a beauty not its own,
And innocence
Wears, as a mantle round it thrown.

The despot, in a father's name,
Tramples the helpless in the dust,
And fain would claim
Admiring sympathy and trust.

And war, insatiable as death,
Flings a proud prestige round its path,
With glory's wreath
Crowning its cruel, unjust wrath.

Hast thou ne'er trod the ancient wood,
Its arches darkening to the night,
Its quietude
Stirred only by the night bird's flight?

No moon strikes through the woven boughs;
But yet the fallen, shattered tree
To beauty glows,
With radiance, moonlike, silvery.

The blackened knot, the splintered bough,
Are gleaming with that fair, blue light:
How should we know
That death and ruin meet our sight?

Let but the light of day intrude,
What is this earth-born glittering?
Decaying wood,
Dank mould, from which the toadstools spring.

So let the Sun of Truth but rise,
And Error's wiliest form shall lie
Bare to the skies,
In all its foul deformity.

SOUTHERN INFATUATION CONCERNING ENGLAND.

From The London Economist.

THERE is something truly astounding in the infatuations which seem to possess the politicians in the Southern States of America. They have not only persuaded themselves into something that has all the *strength*, if not the intellectual *weight* of a moral conviction that the cause of slavery is a holy and sacred cause, in which they who suffer loss are heroes and martyrs—but they have also fully persuaded themselves that all who differ from them are the unfortunate subjects of a mere fanciful hallucination which the slightest pressure of real self interest will dissipate at once. They seem really to believe that England is as ready to support them, if they can but offer her sufficient interested motive for doing so, as she would be, for similar inducements, to sustain Italy against Austria or Prussia against France. "Cotton is king," they cry; "England wants our cotton, and if we can give it to her cheaper than she at present gets it, there is nothing Manchester and Liverpool would not do to attain such an end." Accordingly they bestow fruitless ingenuity on plans for entrapping England into lending them the aid of her protection against the Federal government. The leading men of South Carolina and Georgia are said to have hit upon the following scheme: "If the United States government attempts to collect the revenue on foreign imports at the South by placing revenue cutters off the different harbors, then the seceding States, not deeming it expedient to declare war, will pronounce for direct taxation as the exclusive source of revenue, passing an ordinance to that effect. The foreign ministers at Washington will then be informed that the ports of the cotton States are thrown open for the entrance of foreign merchandise free of duty, and that any duties imposed by the United States government are levied contrary to law, and without authority from the Southern Confederacy. The revenue question will then be transferred from the South to Europe. It will become a question with France or England, whether or not it will defend the free trade rights thus conferred on its manufactures against the revenue duties of the Northern States. And in such an appeal to British and French cupidity, it is expected the national sympathy for free negroism will yield to the national interest in favor of free trade."

It is lamentable to see such infatuation as this. Have South Carolina and Georgia really persuaded themselves that mercantile men in England would even wish their government should interfere in a struggle between the Federal Union and the revolted States—and interfere on the side of those whom they deem wilfully and fearfully in the wrong, simply for the sake of buying their cotton at a cheaper rate? We think we may safely say that there is not a commercial body in this kingdom that would endure to see the British government so faithless to its avowed principles of action, so treacherous to its avowed sympathies, for the sake of securing a mercantile gain to this kingdom. It is true we do not wish to see the struggle between the North and the South prolonged. We believe no civil war could equal it in horrors, and we hold also that—if, indeed, all classes of the people of the South are bent on separation, as they seem to be, and not merely carried away by the excitemement of the moment and the urgency of the meaner part of the population—no forcible interference on the part of the North can possibly avail. But, assuredly, while the struggle is undetermined—while the Federal government still endeavors and hopes to enforce its authority over the whole territory rightfully subjected to its sway, no bribes, however enormous, would induce the English people, or any class among them, however directly interested in the result, to lend its aid to a revolt which they believe to be utterly unprovoked, the result of the worst political passions, and likely to end in the general degradation of the Southern States.

The Southern gentlemen seem to us to have lost all the instincts of national honor, and to have lost them so entirely that they have ceased to believe in their existence elsewhere, when they calculate on any European nation taking a course that would cover it with well deserved infamy. If there is one rule of national action more than another to which we have pledged ourselves deeply, it is the rule of non-intervention between revolted subjects and the government to which they are supposed to owe allegiance; nay, we do all in our power to secure the adhesion of other European powers to the same course. Now, do these sharp Southerners really believe that England will not only break through the rule in their case, and break through it against the whole current of their political sympathies, but avow to the world that they do it for the sake of gain, and gain alone? Where would England's political influence in Europe be after such an act as this? Would she not be set down, and justly set down, as unworthy to be heard again in international councils? If a private gentleman openly takes a bribe to throw his convictions to the winds, would any of these Southern gentlemen deem him fit company for them? And if not, it is not at least usual on this side of the Atlantic to regard a nation's honor as less sacred than an individual's.

The truly melancholy side of these strange calculations on the part of the Southern States, is the evidence which they give of a completely distorted standard of judgment—on all subjects, at least, that touch the one great interest of their political life. They have cried out so long that all scruples about slavery are cant and affectation, that they not only believe it, and believe that *we* believe it, but they even expect us to make a sacrifice of political credit and consistency by avowing our previous insincerity, and this for considerations that would certainly never have induced us to interfere in behalf of Hungary or Italy, whom we did desire to aid with all our hearts. Such infatuation is absolutely appalling. It seems to indicate that a kind of monomania blinds the Southern States on all subjects closely connected with their cotton and their slaves. We doubt if anything *we* can say will open their eyes. But we are at least bound, in the name of the mercantile classes of England, to tell them that any proposal to intervene on their behalf in the struggle against the Federal government of the Union, would be scouted nowhere with more scorn and indignation than in those districts of England which would benefit most by free trade with the United States.

SPEECH OF SENATOR SUMNER.

[In the United States Senate, February 12th, Mr. Crittenden, of Kentucky, having presented a petition in favor of his scheme of compromise from 23,230 citizens of Massachusetts, the Hon. CHARLES SUMNER addressed the Senate as follows:]

THESE petitioners ask, as I understand it, for the passage of what is familiarly known as the Crittenden propositions. Their best apology for this petition is their ignorance of the character of these propositions. Had they known what they were, they never would have put their names to that petition. Those resolutions go beyond the Breckinridge platform, which has already been solemnly condemned by the American people. They foist into the Constitution of the United States constitutional guaranties of slavery which the framers of that instrument never gave—which Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Patrick Henry, and John Jay, if we may credit the testimony of their lives and opinions, would have scorned. Had any such propositions been made the condition of union, this Union never could have been formed. Mr. Madison told us in the Convention, that it was wrong to attempt to put in the Constitution the idea of property in man; but these propositions propose to interpolate that idea, and, practically carrying it out, they ran a black line on the latitude 36 deg., 30 min., and give constitutional protection to slavery in all the territory south of that line now belonging to the Republic; and to make the case still more oppressive, and still more impossible to be received at the North, they make it applicable to all the territory hereafter to be acquired; so that the flag of the Republic, as it moves southward, shall always be the flag of slavery, and every future acquisition in that direction shall be Africanized, and that by virtue of the Constitution of the United States. That is about enough in this age of civilization. But that is not all. Still further, they insist upon guaranties to slavery in the national capital, and in other places within the Federal jurisdiction. Nor is this all. As if to make it especially offensive to the people of the North, and to the people of Massachusetts, they propose to despoil our colored fellow-citizens of their political franchise, a long time secured to them by the institutions of that honored Commonwealth. Sir, it is for these things that these petitioners now pray. They insist that they shall be interpolated in the Constitution of the United States. I have an infinite respect for the right of petition, and I desire always to promote the interests, and to carry forward the just and proper desires, of my fellow-citizens. But I must express my regret that these gentlemen have missed the opportunity, after uniting in such numbers, of calling plainly and unequivocally, as savers of the Union of their fathers, for two things—two things all-sufficient for the present occasion, and with regard to which I should expect the sympathies of the Senator from Kentucky. First, the Constitution of the United States as administered by George Washington, to be preserved intact and blameless in its text, without any tinkering or patching. And, secondly, the verdict of the people last November, by which Abraham Lincoln was elected President of the United States, to be enforced without price or faltering. There is a ground upon which every patriot and loyal citizen of the land can stand, and he has over him then the Constitution and the flag of his country. You had better have that, sir, than any scheme, device, jugglery, or hocus pocus called a compromise. On such ground, all men who really love the Union and the country can take their stand without an "if" or a "but." I remember, sir, on the night of the passage of the Nebraska bill, it was after midnight, I made the declaration in debate that the time for compromises had passed. The events now taking place all verify this truth. It is obvious that the existing difficulties can now be arranged only on permanent principles of justice, and freedom, and humanity. Any seeming settlement founded upon an abandonment of principle, will be but a miserable patchwork, which cannot succeed. It was only a short time ago, you will remember, sir, the whole country was filled with shame and dismay, as the report came to us of the surrender of Southern forts; and when it was known that Fort Sumter, too, was about to be given up, a cry went forth from the heart of the people, by which that fortress was saved, at least for the present. Propositions are now made and brought forward by the Senator from Kentucky, and now enforced by a petition from the people of my own State, calling upon the North to surrender its principles—to surrender its impregnable principles of human rights, which constitute our Northern forts. It is even proposed now to surrender the principle of freedom in the Territories—the Fort Sumter of the North. I trust, sir, they will yet be saved; and as their safety depends upon the President, I trust that the cry will go forth from the people, like that which went forth from them a few days ago, to save that other Fort Sumter when it was menaced. For myself, if I stand with many or with few, or alone, I have but one thing to say—no surrender of the Fort Sumter of the North, no surrender of any of our Northern forts. No, sir, not one. But the bankers and merchants throw out their fears, and they tell us the government shall not have money if we do not surrender our principles. Then, again, sir, I appeal to the people. I believe the American people are not more unpatriotic than the French, and only want the opportunity to show it—to come forward and relieve the necessities of the government, as the French people recently, at the hint of Louis Napoleon, came forward with a loan composed of small sums. Our government stands upon the aggregate virtue and intelligence of the people, and it only remains now that we should make an appeal to the aggregate wealth of the people—the farmer, the laborer, the mechanic. Every man, who truly loves his country, will be willing to give of his earnings to uphold the Constitution and the national flag; and out of these small earnings, inspired by a genuine patriotism, we shall have a full treasury. There is but one thing now for the North to do—that is, to stand firm in their position. They may be guided by one of the greatest patriots of the age, I mean Lafayette, who, in his old age, when his experience had been ripened by time, and while looking over the unutterable calamities of the old French revolution, said, "It was his solemn duty to declare that, in his opinion, they were to be referred not to the bad passions of men, but to those timid counsels that sought to substitute compromise for principle." Lafayette may well speak to his American fellow-citizens now, to caution them against any timid counsels that would substitute compromise for principles.

THE SLAVEOWNER'S DECLARATION,

AS PREPARED BY SOUTH CAROLINA, AND PROPOSED BY HER AS FITTING TO BE ADOPTED BY THE SLAVE STATES.

[By Repaired Atlantic Telegraph.]

WE, the States whose representatives have subscribed to the following declaration, do hereby assert and affirm:

That all mankind have a perfect and equal right to freedom, if they can keep it.

That their being unable to keep it is a proof that they have no right to it.

That the presence of any coloring matter in skin, as in water, is a proof, offered by nature, of the inferiority of the article.

That we have heard, with unutterable disgust and contempt, that Professor Owen considers Adam and Eve to have had colored skins, and that we should like to leave the said Professor without any skin at all.

That the lawfulness of slavery is clearly and indisputably proved from the Bible, inasmuch as St. Paul, writing to Onesimus, a slave, never told him to run away.

That if there were no other reasons for upholding slavery, the dastardly and sycophantic meanness which would be shown in imitating the corrupt and exploded old mother country in abolishing the institution, is enough to make every real American spit upon the proposal and lynch the proposer.

That slavery is the most humane institution in the world; for, inasmuch as half the sorrows of white persons arise from the sorrows of their husbands, wives, or children, in forbidding a race to have any husbands, wives, or children to call their own, we deprive that race of one half the suffering we undergo.

That England has no right to say a word in the matter while in Ireland there is a Protestant Church, and all persons are hanged who do not attend it; while Welsh is strictly forbidden to be used in the English Parliament; while Scotchmen are forbidden to keep unicorns; and while, close to London itself, she keeps the natives of a wretched island in such a state of demoralization and misery that it is called the Isle of Dogs.

That, having thus proved from Scripture, from philosophy, from philanthropy, and from ethnology, that slavery is the noblest institution in existence, and that patriotism and self-respect alike forbid us to bring it into jeopardy,

We hereby declare:

That we shall have great pleasure in handing $50,000 to any one who will bring us the head of one Abraham Lincoln, and with still greater pleasure will we hand $100,000 to any one who will deliver us the said Abraham Lincoln alive. (Signed, etc.)

—*Punch.*

A BIT OF HISTORY.*

COMMENDED TO REPUBLICAN LEADERS.

BY A WOMAN.

FAST by the shining waters, a numerous host they stand—
A frightened, shrinking people, fled from a tyrant's hand;
A hopeless sea before them, and beside, the mountains high;
In the rear their angry foemen; what can they do but die?

List! how the breath of murm'ring swells on the desert air!
"Were there no graves in Egypt, that we could not perish there?
Did we not bid thee leave us? Why did we seek to fly?
Why break our fetters only in the wilderness to die?"

Ah! brave, intrepid leader of a people crushed and worn,
How shall their fierce repinings, their bitter cries be borne?
Wilt thou forget thy mission, its sacred trust betray,
And seek by "compromises" the Egyptian's wrath to stay?

There's a surging waste before them, there are mountains stern beside,
And raging foes pursue them; yet this mandate he'll abide;
Down through the battling ages let its conquering spirit flow!
"Speak thou unto the people, and bid them forward go!"

Shall they slink back to bondage, and the glorious goal so near?
Shall they be writ as cowards, aye, slaves to trembling fear?
"Why criest thou unto Heaven? Dost thou obey me so?
Speak thou unto the people, and bid them forward go."

Up rise the heaving waters as a wall on either side;
Back from the weedy bottom recedes the willing tide;
Now with a swift obedience, followed by reckless foes,
With many a song of gladness, the people forward goes.

Hark! a note of deathful wailing pierces the startled ear!
And the rush of thunderous waters tells a tale of woe and fear;
While a voice sings to Jehovah, "He hath triumphed gloriously,
For Egypt's horse and rider he hath thrown into the sea!"

There is fleeing now from bondage, and the precious goal is near:
O, my brethren, are we cowards, are we slaves to wicked fear?
Shall our cries go up to Heaven in a mocking fast? Ah, no!
Let us speak unto the people, and bid them forward go.

Just on the verge of conquest, shall we dare to shrink and die?
Shall we dare be false to Freedom—false to earth and God on high?
No! By all your hopes of Heaven—by every hope below—
Speak, ye who lead the people, and BID THEM FORWARD GO!

Trenton, N. J., Feb. 9, 1861. —*Tribune.*

* Exodus, 14th chapter.

PREACHING FOR THE TIMES.

Boston Letter to The Tribune from Mrs. Howe.

TALKING of preaching for the times, I must speak of two glorious irruptions of Beecher in our midst, health-restoring, life-giving, and superbly antidotal to the typhoid of the Faneuil Hall meeting. In my last I gave some hints of his second lecture, entitled "Yea and Nay." His third and his fourth treated respectively of "The Times we live in," and "National Prosperity," and were efforts, to our mind, rarely surpassed, and, in popular oratory, never. Of these two, the first was the most remarkable for the magnetic inspiration of the orator, and the corresponding intoxication of the auditory. It was like taking exhilarating gas—away we went, following the god on the wings he lent us. Such divine drunkenness was the ideal Bacchantic state, but to be drunk with that which nourishes instead of maddening, and leaves the head clearer than it found it, with no headache or nervous remembrance of extravagance, that surely is a supreme good as far as it goes. The last lecture was perhaps written with more care, and was full of masterly illustrations and simplifications. Manhood he made the true wealth of a country, and its true source of prosperity; and whatever undermines manhood gnaws at the very root of wealth and power. He drew a vivid portrait of the early New England character—he showed what sort of conscience and courage had brought these fair cities, these blooming States out of the howling wilderness, despite hard climate and rocky soil. He said there was plenty of this manhood left in New England—we hope so. Having in his hand an extract from J. T. Stevenson's speech of that morning, in behalf of sending Commissioners to the Peace Congress, he turned the enemy's ammunition against him. "If your house were on fire," asked that gentleman, "would you wait to ask who set it on fire, before you tried to put out the flames, and rescue your household goods?" "Perhaps not," said Mr. Beecher, "if it were my house. But now the case is different—it is *their* house that's burning, and, as they have set it on fire themselves, and have often compelled us to put it out, we will let them burn it out, this time." No quotation, however, can give an idea of the effect of these and similar sayings of Mr. Beecher. You want the voice, you want the manner, the vigorous person, and the beaming face, with the clear-cut eye and heavy eyelid, the mouth, audacious but truthful, and the mingled expression of honesty, irony, and geniality, that give it such an individual place in our remembrance. Mr. Beecher is a *Christian Mirabeau*. He has that terrible gift of popularity which the old marquis complained of in his son. He has at once the arms of Vulcan and those of Apollo. His passion does not degenerate into temper, like some, whom, nevertheless, we are glad to praise. His very anger resolves itself into love. Of all his weapons, his good humor is, perhaps, his most dangerous one. For those who speak in public or in pivate with any admixture of spite, convey always the impression of unfairness, and cause a reaction in favor of those whom they attack. But Beecher seems really to love his enemies—one thinks that, were they present, they would find him as irresistible as we do. He is indeed a lover of mankind, and we congratulate the human race, often so coldly and sourly courted, upon having one lover, at least, who can woo so warmly, and who is in danger only of killing with kindness. Poor human race! so many of your adorers are cold, cross, and cunning, having, like the planets, a merely luminous surrounding, which leaves the heart dark and earthy! Take Beecher for your true knight—you will never do better. And a thought strikes me. Could we erect him a temple here, and could he speak at large, as Parker spoke, only with the simpler and more decent interpretation which cherishes most the flowers of faith and of feeling; and could such an enchanted crowd as heard him the other night hear him every week—it were well for us, *Tribune*, and what is well for us is well for the world. Good bye. Zero reigns here, and from the sea of puddle to the sea of glass we have skipped in a manner surprising to ourselves. To-day we only stand by sufferance, taking hold with timid prehensile feet on the polished surface of the earth, hard and brilliant as complete steel. Oh, Earth! sometimes called mother, lend this firmness to the purposes of Northern men. Let this thy bitter rebuke give a keener edge to our resolve. This is the winter of our discontent, and its alternatives are not genial; but since they are but two, let us remember that the ice of constancy is better than the mud of compromise. The one is clean, the other filthy—the one will hold us up, the other will let us through—the one reflects the heavens like a mirror, the other deforms alike the ground we stand upon, and the feet that tread it.

PRAYING TO BE TREATED LIKE A HORSE.

PUNCH has an admirable and most expressive cartoon. On the one side is The Stable, in which stands Mr. Punch and a comfortable landlord beside a beautiful and handsomely mounted horse. Landlord says: "Yes, Mr. Punch. Nice clean, airy boxes, plenty of light, perfect drainage and ventilation. The best of food and water, and kind treatment. That's my plan!" On the other side is The Cottage, with its miserable furniture, and its seven or eight tenants huddled together. Mr. Punch and the comfortable landlord peep in, and here is the word Mr. Punch puts in: "Your stable arrangements are excellent. Suppose you try something of the sort here." In another part we have the following inimitable cutting petition:

The Petition of the British Peasant to the British Landlord, Humbly Complaining, Showeth unto your Honor:

That Your Petitioner, having ventured upon the liberty (for which he hopes to be pardoned) of having peeped into the Stables of Your Honor (but he solemnly declares with no evil intentions, and he would not take an oat without leave), has perceived that if Thought, Sense and Kindness were ever manifested toward Animals, it is in Your Honor's Stables aforesaid.

That the Residence in which your Honor humanely places your Horses is well built, water-tight, and well ventilated, is excellently floored, and has an excellent supply of water; that its drainage is perfect, and its light cheerful, and that the creature that cannot live contentedly therein, must be a beast.

That the Arrangements for the health and comfort of your Honor's Horses seem to your Petitioner perfect, and designed to make the Animals happy when at home, and fit, when they come out, to perform any amount of work which your Honor may call on them to do.

That (contrary to arrangements in your Petitioner's dwelling, begging pardon for mentioning such a place) Separate places are provided for your Honor's Horses, so that they sleep apart, and are in no way detrimental to one another.

That Your Petitioner, knowing the kindness of your Honor's nature, as shown by this provision, and by hundreds of other acts of your Honor's, not to speak of your Honor's Lady, and the Young Ladies (all of whom he humbly wishes a Happy New Year, if he may be so bold), takes the liberty to believe that your Honor cannot know that your Petitioner's cottage, on your Honor's estate, is badly built, is not drained, has no ventilation, has a rotten floor, and is so cold, that in the winter the only way your Petitioner and his family can keep bodies and souls together is by Huddling together Adults, Children, Grown-up lads and Girls, all together in one wretched bedroom, out of which they come half poisoned by the foul air, not to offend your Honor's delicacy by saying anything more than that they are good for far less work than could otherwise be got out of them.

Your Petitioner, therefore, for himself, his wife, four grown-up children, and five little ones,

Humbly prayeth unto Your Honor,
That you will be Graciously Pleased to Treat Him Like a Horse,

And your Petitioner will ever Pray and Work, etc., etc.